

# **BOSS OF ME**

by

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INT. COMPUTER SCREEN - FACEBOOK STATUS UPDATES

Among the tedious, inane, self-serving clutter, the words:

"I need work. Anything?"

Are posted to a Facebook news feed for Tom Turpin, whose profile is represented by a yellow happy smiley face.

Sympathetic, but useless comments pop up on the screen:

"Good Luck," - "Praying for you!" - "Fingers crossed."

SPENCER PILLAR, represented on the Facebook news feed by his charming engagement photo, posts:

"Tom, Might have something. I'll e-mail you the details."

INT. SPENCER'S OFFICE - FEW DAYS LATER

The picture from Spencer's profile, of him and MONICA BOLLARD, late 20's, sits on Spencer's clutter free desk. Their posed display of affection seems just a bit forced.

Spencer, mid-30's, sporting a corporate cookie-cutter shirt & tie, frets away on an Excel spreadsheet. A Rubik's Cube on Spencer's desk is the only sign of color and fun.

Spencer's iPhone rings. The engagement picture of Spencer and Monica pops up again on the iPhone display. He answers.

SPENCER

Hey, boss, whatcha doing?

MONICA (ON PHONE)

Getting married. In ten months.  
What are you doing?

SPENCER

Working. Hard.

MONICA (ON PHONE)

Prove it. Turn on FaceTime.

SPENCER

I can't FaceTime now, honey. I'm trying  
to get wrapped up here before lunch.

MONICA (ON PHONE)

Why don't you want me to see what  
you're doing? Did I interrupt  
your flirt session with your  
Hooter's waitress?

Spencer sighs, turns on FaceTime and shows her his office.

SPENCER

Yup, busted. Well, now you know the real Spencer Pillar. Just totally out of control.

MONICA (ON FACETIME)

Under the desk.

SPENCER

You know, I'm actually flattered.

He points the phone under his desk. Nope, no hiding secretary giving him a blow job.

MONICA (ON FACETIME)

How come you never make me show you what I'm doing?

SPENCER

Because I trust you.

MONICA (ON FACETIME)

You know I'm just kidding, right?

SPENCER

Wouldn't be getting married otherwise.

MONICA (ON FACETIME)

We really won't be getting married if we don't pick a reception venue. Did you look at the links I sent you?

SPENCER

Not all twenty-six of them, no.

MONICA (ON FACETIME)

Let's just go to lunch. We can go over them together.

SPENCER

I can't. I told you, my friend from high school is coming in to talk about the job. Then we're going to lunch to catch up.

MONICA

The Facebook guy?

SPENCER

Yeah, Tom.

Spencer's work phone rings.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Hang on. Maybe ol' Turpentine now.

Spencer answers his desk work phone.

SPENCER (CONT'D)  
Hi.... Okay, terrific. Tell Tom  
I'll be right out.

Spencer hangs up.

SPENCER (CONT'D)  
He's here. I gotta go.

MONICA (ON FACETIME)  
Fine. If you love him more than  
your fiancée.

SPENCER  
I don't... He's not more important  
than you. I just haven't seen the  
guy since high school. We weren't  
even that close really. No big deal.

MONICA (ON FACETIME)  
Then why are you doing this?

SPENCER  
'Cause I'm a good friend. That's why.

INT. RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer strolls up to the RECEPTIONIST, completely  
ignoring a chunky, bearded guy waiting on the  
reception sofa.

SPENCER  
Hey, I thought you said my friend  
Tom was here?

RECEPTION  
He is.

SPENCER  
Where?

The bearded guy, late 30's, dressed in an ill fitting  
shirt and tie, stands up and thrusts out his clammy hand.

TOM  
Spencer, Tom. Tom Turpin.

Spencer does a double take, trying to find something  
to remember in TOM TURPIN'S cherubic, earnest face.  
Maybe it's the beard. No, nothing. It's not him.

SPENCER

Wow, you've really changed since high school. Seriously, where's Tom? My schedule is crazy today. I'm going to be here forever as it is.

TOM

I am Tom, Spencer. And I really appreciate you taking the time to see me.

SPENCER

Tom Turpin? From the Class of '95?

TOM

No. I was class of '93. At least I would have been if I had actually graduated.

SPENCER

From Woodbury High?

TOM

No, Hamilton High. Well, I went to a couple of different high schools, but I went to "the Hammer" the longest. Mostly 'cause my Dad was in prison. I could be mistaken here, but were you by chance possibly expecting another Tom Turpin maybe?

SPENCER

Yeah, I was. How do you know Dave and Judy?

TOM

Who?

SPENCER

We have two mutual friends on Facebook from my high school. Dave Garner and Judy Lampley.

TOM

They must of thought I was the other Tom Turpin. I wonder how many of us are out there?

SPENCER

At least two obviously. So, why did you accept my friend request if you didn't know who I was?

TOM

I'm an accepting kinda guy.  
Listen, I won't take up anymore of  
your time. Obviously, I'm not the  
guy you thought I was. But it was  
good to meet you, Spencer. Nice  
place. You're lucky to work here.

Tom turns to exit. Guilt grows on Spencer's face with  
each dejected step Tom takes.

SPENCER

Tom, wait! You still want to talk  
about the job?

INT. SPENCER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tom sits eagerly in Spencer's tidy office.

TOM

Office Manager, right?

SPENCER

No. Office Supply Manager.

TOM

Even better.

SPENCER

You'd be in charge of --

TOM

Office supplies!

SPENCER

Right. Ordering, organizing,  
distribution. Look, it's nothing  
special, but I know it's tough out  
there right now.

TOM

Worse than you think. I'll take it.

SPENCER

My boss would actually have to do  
the hiring, but I can recommend  
you. Stay here. Let me go check  
with the big enchilada. Might have  
time to see you today.

TOM

Hey, speaking of enchiladas,  
are we still going to lunch?

After a moment's thought, Spencer shrugs.

SPENCER

Sure. Why not.

TOM

I know a great Mexican place.

SPENCER

Mexican? I'm not really a fan.

TOM

Of the food or the people?

INT. MITCHELL MONTGOMERY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer knocks on his boss's open door. MITCHELL MONTGOMERY, mid 50's, sharply dressed, has his head in his hands. Obviously a bad morning.

Mitchell looks up, grim. When he sees Spencer, he sighs deeply, as if he was staring at a dead man.

SPENCER

Hey, do you have a second?  
My friend came in about the  
office supply job.

MITCHELL

Spencer, I was, ah, just gonna ask  
you to come down here. Come on in,  
shut the door. Bad news, I'm  
afraid.

Spencer enters, shutting the door behind him.

SPENCER

About the job?

MITCHELL

Yeah. Look, I don't have to tell  
you how much the company has been  
struggling in this economy. This  
is not easy for me, but we're  
gonna have to make some cutbacks.  
Sorry.

To Mitchell's amazement, Spencer takes it all in stride.

SPENCER

You know what, don't worry about  
it. The health of the company  
comes first. Gotta do, what you  
gotta do.

MITCHELL

Your team spirit is inspiring.  
Truly.

SPENCER

Seriously, he wasn't really my  
friend anyway. The wrong Tom.

MITCHELL

What?

SPENCER

It was a Facebook mix-up. He just  
has the same name as my friend Tom  
Turpin. I'll tell him the bad news.

MITCHELL

Wow, okay. I don't think I was  
clear on this, Spencer.

SPENCER

We're not gonna hire a new supply  
manager, right? I mean, we've been  
doing fine without one for two  
months.

MITCHELL

Well, right, we're not gonna hire  
anyone new. But Spencer, I was  
talking about your position.

SPENCER

My position on what?

MITCHELL

Your job, Spencer. We're letting  
you go.

SPENCER

I'm fired?

MITCHELL

Laid off.

Spencer takes a moment to let it sink in.

SPENCER

What's the difference?

MITCHELL

When Bill Johnston jizzed off in  
the office coffee pot, he was  
fired. When the company loses  
twenty-two million dollars in the  
2nd quarter, you get laid off.



INT. SPENCER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer somberly trudges back into his office. Tom is picking up Spencer's scattered display of business cards off the floor. Spencer gives Tom a "what the fuck" look.

TOM

Question. Do I get a business card? I always wanted a job with my own business card. Also, I might have erased your spreadsheet. I was trying to check my MySpace account. I know, MySpace, right. I just feel bad for them. Plenty of great people still on there, you know.

SPENCER

Please just shut up!

TOM

Wow. Sorry.

SPENCER

I just got fucking fired! Okay?

TOM

What did you do?

SPENCER

Nothing. I was laid off. The company's lost a shit load of money, so I get totally fucked!

TOM

I can use coupons.

SPENCER

Coupons?

TOM

For the office supplies. I got a whole box of them. That'll save the company money. Maybe even save your job.

SPENCER

There is no office supply job! Not anymore.

TOM

I'm fired too?

SPENCER

You were never hired!

A SECURITY GUARD knocks on Spencer's door holding empty white packing boxes.

SECURITY GUARD

Problem?

SPENCER

No. Well, yes, but no.

Spencer grabs the white packing boxes from the guard.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER THAT DAY

Tom helps Spencer carry out the packing boxes with his office mementos, the Rubik's Cube, engagement photos. Together they load them into Spencer's boxy Nissan Cube.

SPENCER

Thanks for helping.

TOM

That's what friends do. Even when they're not friends.

SPENCER

No one would barely even say goodbye. They think I'm contagious.

Tom gives Spencer a big hug.

TOM

I'm not afraid. I've hugged a person with AIDS before. And Chlamydia. Although that, I didn't know at the time. Do now.

SPENCER

How am I going to tell my fiancée?

TOM

About the Chlamydia? I'd prefer you didn't. I'd like to keep that private. Between us.

SPENCER

About getting laid off! We're supposed to get married next June.

TOM

Worry about it after lunch.

SPENCER

Lunch?

TOM

Yeah. You said we were still going to lunch.

SPENCER

I probably should--

TOM

No! The least I can do is buy you lunch the day you lose your job.

SPENCER

You don't have to.

TOM

Listen, you were gonna help me, a complete and total stranger get a job. That deserves a free lunch.

SPENCE

I can't make you pay for my lunch.

TOM

Trust me, it's nothing.

INT. JACK IN THE BOX RESTAURANT - LATER THAT DAY

Tom hands a coupon to a teenage FAST FOOD CLERK at a Jack in the Box burger joint.

TOM

... and I have a buy one get one free coupon for that.

The clerk looks at the faded, frayed pathetic slip of paper.

FAST FOOD CLERK

This coupon expired. In 2002.

TOM

Really? No way you can still take it? Kinda depending on it here.

FAST FOOD CLERK

Sir, I was six when this coupon expired.

TOM

You know what, I might have some change in my car under the seat. Be right back!

An exasperated Spencer reaches for his wallet.

SPENCER

I got it.

TOM

No, I insist!

Tom sprints out the door to his car.

INT. JACK IN THE BOX RESTAURANT - LATER THAT DAY

Tom and Spencer chow down in the Jack in the Box.

SPENCER

How long have you been out of work?

TOM

At least a year. Problem is, nowadays, people don't even want to interview you if you don't already have a job. What kinda logic is that? And long-term unemployed? Forget it. They just assume you've been home doing crystal meth the whole time. Partially true.

SPENCER

I have two friends that moved back home with their parents, because they couldn't find work.

TOM

Make that three friends. Yours truly here.

SPENCER

I'm dead. My fiancée is going to kill me. How am I supposed to help pay for a wedding without a job?

A thought comes to Tom as he swallows a bite.

TOM

Hey, I'll be your boss.

SPENCER

What?

TOM

Yeah, put on your resume that you work for me. If someone calls for a reference, I'll say you're a great guy, I'm gonna miss the hell out of you, but I won't stand in the way of bigger and better things for you.

SPENCER  
You're gonna be my boss?

TOM  
Yeah.

SPENCER  
That's fraud.

TOM  
No, it isn't. I'll start a  
company. You'll be my first  
employee. It's not like they're  
gonna ask to look at my books,  
are they? Can they do that?  
Like the FBI or something?

Spencer reaches out to shake Tom's hand, then stands.

SPENCER  
Listen, thanks for lunch, really.

TOM  
Sorry you had to pay. I really  
thought I had dropped more  
quarters in my car. Pennies,  
right? Just useless.

Spencer sizes up Tom one last time.

SPENCER  
Yup, pretty useless.

TOM  
What's your address? I'll send you  
the money. My Mom's sofa cushions  
are like Fort Knox. So's her  
pocketbook, BTW.

SPENCER  
No, not necessary. Good to meet  
you, Tom.

TOM  
Okay, yeah, I'll see you around.  
On Facebook.

SPENCER  
Or MySpace. You never know.

TOM  
Love your engagement pictures.  
You two make a cute couple.  
Bet it's gonna be an awesome  
wedding. Can't wait!

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Spencer taps away on his computer at home as Monica sorts through piles of wedding related brochures on Spencer's bed.

SPENCER

How do you unfriend someone on Facebook? Is it hard?

MONICA

You can't unfriend him.  
That's mean!

SPENCER

He's not my friend!

MONICA

Couldn't you tell that from his profile picture?

SPENCER

No, see...

(points at yellow  
smiley face)

He uses a stupid smiley face.  
How would I have known what he looked like?

MONICA

He did take you to lunch after you got fired.

SPENCER

Laid off. I didn't do anything wrong. Fired implies that.

MONICA

You must of done something wrong.  
Why would none of your other coworkers go to lunch with you?

SPENCER

Because they're all scared they're gonna lose their jobs next.  
Besides, I told you it was a dickish office. Just kinda a suckie place to work overall, really.

MONICA

Maybe we should put off the wedding.

SPENCER

What? No. We already sent out our save the dates.

(MORE)

SPENCER (CONT'D)

We postpone the wedding now and people are going to think something is wrong with us, our relationship. I'll find something. If not, we'll just scale back the wedding.

Spencer moves from his computer to sort through the brochures with Monica on the bed.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Look, we don't need chocolate fountains, photo booths, horse drawn carriages at our wedding. We need you, me and the love and commitment that will see us through the years.

Spencer gives Monica a loving kiss. She stares back with an adoring gaze.

MONICA

I will scale back your eyelids before I scale back my wedding. Okay? Have you even started looking for a new job?

SPENCER

Honey, it hasn't even been a day yet. Although I did get one offer.

MONICA

From who?

SPENCER

Tom said I could put on my resume that I work for him.

MONICA

Does he have a company?

SPENCER

No, it'd be a fake business. He'd just pretend to be my boss. I guess there are some companies, not many, only a few, that won't interview you if you don't already have a job. This way I could say I'm currently employed somewhere.

MONICA

That's lying. You can't lie on your resume.

SPENCER

Right! Duh. That's why I wanted to unfriend him.

(MORE)

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Kinda a flaky guy like that. Nice, but flaky. Like a good biscuit. So, would he actually get sent a message from Facebook that I've unfriended him?

MONICA

No. He'd only notice if he went looking and saw you weren't one of his friends anymore. I don't know if you should do it. Could be bad Karma.

Spencer unfriends Tom Turpin from his Facebook friends and then rejoins Monica looking through the wedding brochures.

SPENCER

Too late. Deed is done. Now lets take a peek at those reception venues. So what are we looking at here? Taj Mahal, Eifel Tower, Sydney Opera House?

MONICA

What are we doing for Labor Day?

SPENCER

Nothing. Why?

MONICA

How about a surprise, spur of the moment trip to Vegas?

SPENCER

First, it's not a surprise anymore and if we start planning it now, then it's not spur of the moment.

MONICA

Fine, we'll do nothing. Just like every holiday.

SPENCER

That's not true. Look, once I get a job again, I'll surprise you with an impromptu trip to Vegas. Promise. Bet on it. It's a sure thing. Can't miss. Royal Flush.

MONICA

(finally smiles)  
Are we going to be okay?

SPENCER

(hugs her)  
We're gonna be fine.



INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Spencer wakes up, showers, shaves, dresses up in a shirt and tie as if he was still going into the office.

He sits down at his kitchen table and updates his resume on his computer.

He then starts looking on employment websites.

Wording starts to catch his attention:

"Must be currently employed" - "No long term unemployed"  
- "Current employment a plus"

Spencer applies for several jobs anyway.

Spencer leans back with his morning coffee and stares at his in box. Nothing, nada, zip.

Periodically Spencer walks by the computer as he cleans up around the apartment. Still nothing in the in box.

Spencer sends a "TEST" e-mail to himself, which he receives instantly with no problem.

INT. - SPENCER'S HOUSE - THREE WEEKS LATER

Spencer, unshaven, lays on his couch in his underwear and T-shirt watching TEEN MOM on MTV.

SPENCER

Ugh! Break up with the loser  
already!

Spencer's iPhone rings. He sees it's from Monica.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Shit!

Spencer answers while scrambling around trying to put on a button up shirt.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Hey, boss, what's going on?

MONICA (ON PHONE)

FaceTime, now.

SPENCER

Okay, fine.

MONICA (ON PHONE)

What's taking so long?

Spencer stumbles into the bathroom.

SPENCER  
I'm pushing the button.  
(he's not)  
See me yet?

MONICA (ON PHONE)  
No.

SPENCER  
Look, I'm in the bathroom, honey.  
Trust me, you do not want me to  
turn FaceTime on. It's something  
else time right now.

Spencer shaves off his stubble.

MONICA (ON PHONE)  
You know what, you don't need to  
turn it on, because I bet you're  
lying on the couch in your  
underwear watching TV. Have you  
even sent one resume out today?

Spencer dashes over to his computer. As soon as the jobs  
website comes up, Spencer turns on FaceTime on his iPhone.

SPENCER  
Hi, baby. You look so beautiful.

MONICA (ON FACETIME)  
Pan down. I wanna see if you're  
wearing pants.

SPENCER  
Honey...

MONICA (ON FACETIME)  
Pan down!

Spencer pans down and shows he's in his underwear.

SPENCER  
You don't need pants on to job  
hunt on the Internet.

MONICA (ON FACETIME)  
You don't need pants on for a lot of  
things on the Internet. It's  
been three weeks, Spencer! Three  
weeks I've had to deal with this!

SPENCER  
Baby, I've applied for at least a  
hundred jobs!  
(MORE)

SPENCER (CONT'D)

I can't force them to interview me! You sound like this is all my fault. It's not. It's not my fault I got laid off. It's not my fault the economy is crappy. It's not my fault no one is hiring! It just isn't.

MONICA (ON FACETIME)

I know. And it's also not your fault we're canceling the wedding.

SPENCER

Canceling!?

MONICA (ON FACETIME)

Postponing. We just need to put things on hold until you get your job situation worked out.

SPENCER

You wanted a June wedding, we're gonna have a June wedding. I'm not taking the blame for losing the June wedding. Not happening.

MONICA (ON FACETIME)

I just think it would be the smart thing to do. Take some of the pressure off of you, us. I gotta get back to work. We'll talk about it tonight. Or whenever.

She hangs up on him.

SPENCER

Honey? Shit!

Spencer switches over to Facebook and pulls up Tom Turpin's Facebook page.

He clicks the "add friend" button for Tom Turpin and types a message:

"Wanna get together for lunch. How about that Mexican place you were talking about?"

Spencer sends it and sighs. The reply comes back almost immediately from Tom.

"Hey, friend! Just tell me when."

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - LATER THAT DAY

Spencer shakes hands with Tom as he sits down at the Mexican restaurant.

SPENCER

Hey, thanks for meeting with me.

TOM

Before we get started here,  
I think an apology is in order.

SPENCER

Yeah, I...

TOM

I have no idea how I unfriended  
you. Complete blank. I mean,  
I might have accidentally clicked  
something at some point, but  
it was nothing intentional.  
Clicks happen, right?

SPENCER

They do. Probably just a glitch.  
Nothing to apologize for.

TOM

I just don't want you to think I  
was some kind of asshole that  
unfriended you on purpose just  
because the job didn't work out.

SPENCER

Never thought that for a moment.  
Not one second. So, how is your  
job hunt going?

TOM

Not good. What else is new?  
How about you?

SPENCER

That's what I wanted to chat with  
you about. I'm not having much  
luck either and I remember what  
you said about saying I work for  
you, just so it looks like I'm  
currently employed on my resume.

TOM

You wanna work for me?

SPENCER

Sure, on my resume. If someone calls for a reference, I actually wrote out how I wanted you to respond.

Spencer pulls out a few sheets of paper with printed notes.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

And here are a couple of different scenarios if there are follow up questions. Think you can handle that?

TOM

This is so cool! Yeah, I can handle it. Just funny. Smart guy like you working for me. I bet you went to junior college.

SPENCER

I have an MBA actually.

TOM

Well, one step at a time. You'll get there eventually. Like that tampon commercial.

SPENCER

I don't know that commercial... Anyway, the company is IDS Business Consultants. We're a small business consulting firm. I would be a financial analyst at IDS. You would be the IDS financial services manager.

TOM

(disappointed)  
Oh.

SPENCER

What?

TOM

If it's my company, can't I be president?

SPENCER

Well, usually financial analysts don't answer directly to the president of the company. We want to keep this realistic.

TOM

Can't you just make yourself vice-president?

SPENCER

No. That's too big a jump for me.  
It's like when you get a fake ID  
in college. You make yourself 21,  
not 41. Understand?

TOM

President just sounds so cool.  
I don't know. I never went to  
college. Tampon commercial never  
happened for me.

Tom's hesitation alarms Spencer.

SPENCER

You know what, we're a small firm  
and lo and behold, I answer to the  
top man. Congratulations, Mister  
President, you got a promotion.

TOM

Sweet!

Spencer takes the papers away and writes president over  
financial services manager.

SPENCER

Just let me change your title  
here. I'll correct this tonight  
and e-mail you a fresh PDF. Just  
important to stick exactly to the  
script here. Word for word.

TOM

Could I get in trouble for this?  
Like, jail time ass rape trouble?

SPENCER

No.

TOM

Because I'd prefer not to be ass  
raped, if possible. Or at least  
keep it to a minimum.

SPENCER

No one's going to rape your...  
Just, I might not get the job if  
you say something stupid. That's  
why if they ask you a question  
you're not comfortable with, you  
go to...

Spencer points to the sheet of paper and Tom reads.

TOM

"Excuse me, I have a call on the other line. I'm going to have to get back to you on that."

SPENCER

Then you call me, I'll tell you what to say and then you can call them back.

TOM

Perfect. So why IDS?

SPENCER

Just letters. Something generic that doesn't call attention to itself. If they ask, it's Innovative Dynamic Solutions.

TOM

Hum. Would have been nice to use my grandfather's initials. Mean a lot to me.

SPENCER

What's his name?

TOM

Udell Patrick Smith.

SPENCER

UPS?

TOM

Can we go with that instead?

SPENCER

UPS is being used.

TOM

By who?

SPENCER

UPS.

Spencer seems really worried about his plan now.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

You know what, maybe this isn't such a good idea.

Tom checks the time on his watch and looks up.

TOM

No, it is. It's a great idea!

SPENCER

Now that I think about it, this just seems like it is going to be really annoying for you. Strangers calling you up. I don't want to put you out.

Spencer tries to take back the papers, but Tom won't let go.

TOM

Please, put me out! I wanna be out! I want to do this! Hey, how many times do you get to be president of your own company? IDS is a great name. I got the script here, any questions and I'll call you.

SPENCER

I need to trust you.

Tom looks at his watch again.

TOM

I got this.

SPENCER

Okay. Thank you, I appreciate it. I've got a lot riding on getting a job. A lot. You keep checking your watch. Do you need to be somewhere?

TOM

Yeah, right here, right now.

Tom freezes, just as he was about to bite a nacho.

SPENCER

What? Something wrong? Tom?  
You okay?

Spencer reaches over and shakes the stiff Tom.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

I think something's wrong with my friend!

Tom looks at the rest of the restaurant. Everyone is frozen in place, waiters, busboys, other diners.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

What the hell's going on?

Spencer gets up and waves his hand in front of the waiter frozen in place.



SPENCER (CONT'D)  
Blink if you can hear me?

The waiter doesn't blink. Spencer goes back to Tom.

SPENCER (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna go outside and get help.  
I think there's something bad in  
the air in here. I don't know.  
I'll call the police, an ambulance,  
they'll help you.

As soon as Spencer heads for the door, everyone unfreezes  
and goes back to being normal.

TOM  
Don't call the cops, Spencer!  
My flash mob posse. I wanted to  
do something special for you.

Everyone applauds themselves. Spencer breathes an uneasy  
sigh of relief, not quite appreciative of their efforts.

SPENCER  
Scared the shit out of me!

TOM  
Dance routines work better, but  
with such short notice I was only  
able to get a few people to join  
in. We recruited the rest of the  
staff and patrons once we got  
here. Good job, everyone!  
Excellent! Once, I helped organize  
a spontaneous five hundred person  
light saber melee at the Century  
City Mall. Now, if I can pull that  
off, don't you think I can handle  
reading off your notes here?

SPENCER  
I've never felt more comforted in  
my life. Don't ever do that again.  
Please.

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

Spencer updates his resume, adding on:

"Currently employed at IDS Business Consultants, Financial  
Analyst, reference: Tom Turpin, President, 818-917-43..."

Spencer then starts applying for jobs online.

His confidence is renewed as he applies for job after job.

INT. MONICA'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Monica is busy at her desk when Spencer knocks on her office door with flowers. She's surprised, but happy to see him.

SPENCER

Hi.

MONICA

Hey, what are you doing here?

SPENCER

Taking my fiancée to lunch.  
Besides, after you apply for fifty  
jobs online, your eyes need a  
little relief.

(kisses her hand)

And you, my Dear, are certainly a  
relief for sore eyes.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER THAT DAY

Monica and Spencer hold hands in the restaurant as they pick at the last of their lunches.

SPENCER

Give me three more weeks to get a  
job, okay? We'll get back on track  
saving for the wedding. And it'll  
be the wedding you want, not the  
wedding you have to settle for.

MONICA

Okay, you got three weeks. I don't  
mean to be difficult, but you know  
how I feel about my Mom and Dad's  
wedding and we're only going to do  
this once. I just want it to be  
magical. For both of us.

SPENCER

It will be. Trust me. Listen, why  
don't you take the rest of the day  
off? Come back to my place.

MONICA

Honey, I can't. There's too much  
to do today. We both can't lose  
our jobs.

Spencer's phone beeps with a text message from Tom:

"Meet me at 1209 Winwood St. Today, 3 p.m."

MONICA (CONT'D)

Who's that?

SPENCER

Just an auto reply. They got my resume.

MONICA

Good.

SPENCER

Well, if you have to get back to work, I should probably get going too.

MONICA

Um, you could have begged a little more.

SPENCER

You said you were busy.

MONICA

I am now.

EXT. 1209 WINWOOD ST. - 3 P.M.

Spencer pulls up to 1209 Winwood St. and walks up to Tom who is standing proudly outside a small office building.

SPENCER

What's going on? Another flash mob?

TOM

Nope. Better. Much better.

Tom hands Spencer a business card.

SPENCER

What's this?

TOM

Your business card. I got one too!

Tom hands Spencer another business card.

SPENCER

You put an address on here.

TOM

Right. Our address.

SPENCER

We don't have an address.

TOM

Don't we?

Tom motions to the building behind them.

TOM (CONT'D)

Come on in.

Tom walks to the door of the building.

SPENCER

Tom, what did you do?

Spencer follows after Tom.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

This wasn't in the script, Tom!

INT. BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer follows Tom into the empty office building.

TOM

What do you think?

At the lone desk in the abandoned offices sits ALTAIR GIBSON, late 30's wearing a futuristic silver mylar jumpsuit, as if he was right out of a 1950s sci-fi film.

SPENCER

Did we just go through a time-warp?

Altair stands up from the laptop he was working at.

ALTAIR

Oh, boy. Here we go again.

TOM

He didn't mean anything by it, Altair. Spencer, not cool.

(underbreath)

Just treat him like anyone else.

ALTAIR

Website's complete.

TOM

Great, let's take a look.

Altair turns the computer around to show off the IDS Business Consultants website.

TOM (CONT'D)

Nice. Looks legit, right, Spencer?

SPENCER

You made an IDS website?

TOM

Yeah. I hired Altair to be our IT guy. He's been out of work for a while too. Needed something to freshen up his resume.

Altair reluctantly reaches out his hand to Spencer.

ALTAIR

Spencer, nice to meet you.

SPENCER

Like wise, Altair. Altair, that was the first personal computer developed, right?

Altair, charmed by the observation, warms up to Spencer.

ALTAIR

Yes, it was. I'm impressed.

SPENCER

Are you on your way to a party?  
Or are you an actor or something?

Altair is pissed again.

ALTAIR

Tom, you promised it wouldn't be like this.

Spencer has no idea what he is doing wrong.

SPENCER

Look, I'm sorry, but the guy's dressed like he's from the future. How am I supposed to act?

ALTAIR

It is the year 2012! This is the future! When is everyone else gonna stop living in the past?! Sheeesh!

SPENCER

Sorry, I didn't mean any offence. I like it. It's neat. Dress how you want to dress.

ALTAIR

Thanks for understanding, cool Dad. Hey, are we going to share a beer and bond later? I'll be in my office.

Altair grabs the laptop and storms off into an office.

TOM

I should have warned you about Altair. Guess I'm just used to him. Heck of a computer whiz. Gets me all the porn sites for free.

SPENCER

Tom, how did you get these offices? You didn't rent them, did you?

TOM

Actually the rent's all taken care of. My uncle owns the building. It got hit by vandals last month, so I told him we would watch the place for free rent. We just have to vacate if he leases the property out.

SPENCER

We don't need offices, Tom. Seriously. Or a website.

TOM

What if someone Googles IDS? Or tries to find us on Map Quest?

SPENCER

That's actually a valid point. Didn't think about that.

TOM

Here's the best part.

Tom pulls out a rolled up banner.

TOM (CONT'D)

I was waiting for you to put it up.

Spencer holds up one end of the banner as Tom rolls it out and tacks it to the wall.

It reads: "IDS Business Consultants" with a dragon logo at the end.

SPENCER

A dragon?

TOM

Yeah. I thought since you picked the name, I could pick our mascot. Dragons are dynamic, right?

SPENCER

We should probably leave that off the website.

TOM

Think so?

SPENCER

Yeah. We want a conservative image. Generic. Nothing too flashy.

TOM

Altair, kill the dragon on the website!

Altair springs out of his office.

ALTAIR

Specifics, please! What's going to kill it? Knight, elf, wizard? Should the animation be continuous or does the dragon only die once until you hit page refresh?

TOM

No, just take it off.

SPENCER

Yeah, we really want the most boring website ever created.

ALTAIR

The dragon could die slowly from disease. That would be boring.

SPENCER

No dragons on the website period.

ALTAIR

Last time I updated the company masthead, you were not the president of IDS.

TOM

It's okay, Altair. Just lose the dragon.

ALTAIR

Fine. Won't be the first dragon  
I've slain with these digits.  
Singe, you were a worthy foe.

Altair retreats back in to his office.

TOM

So you like the offices?

SPENCER

You're really gonna stay here and  
watch this place?

TOM

What else do I have to do?

SPENCER

What happens if you get a job?

TOM

I got a job. President.

Tom sits under the IDS banner and kicks up his feet.

SPENCER

You're really enjoying this,  
aren't you?

TOM

Yeah. That's your office by the  
way. Second biggest, next to mine.

Spencer sticks his head in the empty office.

SPENCER

Thanks. Listen, I have to get  
going, but I really appreciate you  
making the extra effort.

TOM

It's nothing. What friends do.

INT. SPENCER'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Spencer is in bed when his cell phone wakes him up.

Spencer wipes the sleep out of his eyes and answers the  
phone.

SPENCER

Hello?

TOM (ON PHONE)

Spencer, it's Tom.



SPENCER  
Tom? What's going on?

TOM (ON PHONE)  
You coming into work today?

SPENCER  
Work? Where?

TOM (ON PHONE)  
Here, duh! IDS.

SPENCER  
Why?

TOM (ON PHONE)  
Because this is your job.

SPENCER  
What? Look, Tom, I appreciate all  
you're doing, but I'm not gonna  
hang out with you today. I have  
things to do.

TOM (ON PHONE)  
Like what?

SPENCER  
Like sleep. Bye, Tom.

TOM (ON PHONE)  
Hey, someone called about you.  
For a reference.

SPENCER  
Seriously? Who?

TOM (ON PHONE)  
Come in and I'll tell you all  
about it.

Tom hangs up.

SPENCER  
No, you'll tell me now. Tom? Tom!

Spencer rolls out of bed.

SPENCER (CONT'D)  
Son of a bitch.

EXT. IDS BUILDING - LATER THAT MORNING

Spencer pulls up to the building and jumps out of his Nissan Cube, wearing shorts and a Rolling Rock beer t-shirt.

INT. IDS OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Spencer storms in the offices and is stunned to see desks set up and people actually working.

The receptionist, KIM GRABLE, early 20s, cute and eager, greets him.

KIM

Hi, can I help you?

SPENCER

What?

KIM

Are you here to see someone?

SPENCER

I... I work here. I'm Spencer.  
Where's Tom?

Kim buzzes the phone.

KIM

Tom, a Spencer is here to see you.  
.... I'll tell him.  
(hangs up)  
He'll be right out.

Tom strolls out of his office wearing a suit and tie and escorting an impeccably dressed gentleman in his early 60s, SEBASTIAN WENDELL. They shake hands, exchange smiles.

TOM

Welcome aboard, Sebastian. Grab a desk and get to work.

SEBASTIAN

Oh, I will, sir. I will!

Sebastian proudly claims a desk, as if stepping on top of Mount Everest. Tom approaches Spencer.

TOM

I've heard of casual Friday, but seriously, cargo shorts and a Rolling Rock tee? Was the wife beater at the dry cleaners today?

SPENCER

What's going on? Who are these people?

TOM

Employees. Just like you. Mostly my friends from Facebook, MySpace, LinkedIn, Twitter, flash mob. Whoever needed something new to put on their resume.

SPENCER

Tom, this is out of control.

Tom takes in the orderly running office.

TOM

Yeah, complete chaos. I'll activate the National Guard.

SPENCER

So who called?

TOM

About what?

SPENCER

My resume!

TOM

Right. Yeah, no one. I just said that to get you to come into work. Just so you know, we do have a dress code, Spencer. If I made an exception for you, I'd have to make an exception for everyone. Like you said, we're striving for a conservative image.

SPENCER

Okay, let's get one thing straight. I don't work for you! Don't tell me what to wear! Don't tell me what to do! And don't tell me when to show up!

Spencer's outburst brings the office to a halt.

TOM

In my office. Now!

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer and Tom face off in Tom's office, which is decorated with motivational posters and bland humdrum landscape art.

SPENCER

I just wanted to put your name and phone number on my resume! That was it! Where did you get all this office equipment? I'm not paying for any of this!

TOM

You don't have to! Altair and I found it all at the recycling center. People were just throwing it away. Altair and I cleaned it up and got it working again. Which is kinda what I'm trying to do for you and everyone else out there.

SPENCER

Just remember this, you're not really the boss of me! Okay?

TOM

You asked me to do this for you!

SPENCER

Well, now I'm asking you not to do it! It was all just a big mistake.

TOM

Fine. Someone calls about your resume, I'll tell them that. It was all just a big mistake. Made the whole thing up.

SPENCER

You can't say that.

TOM

What do I say then?

SPENCER

Don't say anything. Just freeze up again! Pretty good at that.

TOM

I may not be your boss, but you sure as heck aren't my boss either! I'll say whatever I want to say.

Spencer takes a breath and cools down. Spencer realizes he's in a tough spot and has to make the best of it.

SPENCER

Okay, listen, I'm sorry I got upset. But this was supposed to be a secret operation between you and me. Like our own private flash mob. Okay, you hired Altair to set up the website, fine. But there must be half a dozen people out there now. What if word of this hoax gets out? Who's going to hire me then?

TOM

Those are my friends out there. They're not gonna rat us out. They need jobs too! Why are you so stressed about this?

SPENCER

If I don't get a job soon, Monica's gonna postpone the wedding. I'm barely hanging on here, man. She's the one thing I got going for me. I can't lose her. I love her.

Spencer takes a seat on Tom's worn out office couch.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Monica saw something in me when no one else did. Took a chance on me, when no one else would and I can't let her regret it. This wedding just means so much to her. Her Mom died young and most of the photos Monica has of her are from the wedding. The vision of the perfect bride on the perfect day. Now her Dad's gone too, so she wants the wedding to be a real tribute to them. Huge family get together.

TOM

I'm sorry, I didn't know.

Tom sincerely pats Spencer on the back and sits with him.

TOM (CONT'D)

If someone calls, I won't say anything to hurt you. Just... you're out there yelling at me in front of everyone. I'm the president.

SPENCER

That was wrong. I'm sorry.  
I shouldn't have done that.

TOM

Apology accepted. And I'm sorry I  
Miased you.

SPENCER

Miased?

TOM

Yeah, it's when you see a great  
parking spot and you're all pumped  
as you start to pull in, only to  
discover someone's already parked  
their tiny little Miata in there.  
You came over here all excited,  
thinking someone called about your  
resume and it was just me futzing  
around. I just really wanted to  
show you what I did. Maybe you  
can help some of the people here.  
Maybe they can help you.

SPENCER

Maybe. Just don't lie to me  
anymore, okay?

TOM

Will you be here tomorrow?

SPENCER

I'll be here.

TOM

And the day after that?

SPENCER

Sure. Until I get a job. I like  
your suit, by the way.

TOM

Really?

SPENCER

Yeah, it makes you look  
presidential.

TOM

Thanks. Got it for my  
Grandfather's funeral.

SPENCER

UPS?

TOM

Yeah.

SPENCER

He'd be proud of you.

TOM

Thanks.

INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Spencer lies awake in bed with Monica at her house. On her bedroom wall is a photo of Monica's mother and father at their 1970s wedding, the two beaming with joy.

MONICA

Explain this once again?

SPENCER

It's like a networking office. We go there in the morning, look for jobs, get tips from each other. We do simulated job interviews, keep our skills sharp, all without the distractions of home. It's like practice work.

MONICA

Does this have anything to do with that weird Tom guy and his job scam?

SPENCER

Tom who? The one from Facebook? No.

MONICA

So it's like a study group?

SPENCER

Exactly. Like when we were getting our MBA's.

He gives her loving kiss.

MONICA

Yeah, well, you got pretty lucky in our study group. Better be careful, you're taken this time.

SPENCER

Don't I know it.

Spencer takes Monica in his arms and pulls her tight.

MONICA

Okay, I trust you. If you think this group will help, have at it.

SPENCER

Thanks. This is gonna get results.

MONICA

What do you think of a retro wedding? Seventies theme?

Monica stares at the picture of her Mom's seventies wedding.

SPENCER

Honey, your Mom would want you to have your day. Just like she had her's.

MONICA

I know. I just wish for once she could be there.

SPENCER

She will be, baby. Your Dad too.

MONICA

My Dad could have been at my last wedding. If it had happened.

SPENCER

But I wouldn't have been. Right?

MONICA

Nope.

She gives him a loving kiss.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Six IDS employees sit around a conference table. Altair, in his futuristic outfit, leads the discussion.

ALTAIR

I've had four job interviews in the past three months. Negative results in all encounters.

DRAKE DILLON, 40s, slightly built, but scrappy, with a perpetual pissed off glower, takes stock of Altair and doesn't like what he sees.

DRAKE

So when you went in for these interviews, were you dressed like a fucking freak from the future?



ALTAIR

No. I was dressed like any normal person would dress in... 2012. Multipurpose insulated mylar jumpsuit. Sturdy, easy to clean, maximized body temperature regulation. Why would anyone wear anything else?

DRAKE

Yeah, no idea what could have gone wrong. None.

TOM

Hang on! In this office no one is going to be teased for their age, religion, sexual preference or any futuristic views.

ALTAIR

They're not futuristic! This is about here and now!

DRAKE

Okay, Jetson, point taken.

Spencer stares at the dismissive Drake.

SPENCER

So what's your story, Drake?

DRAKE

My story? Shit, I don't know. I go into these fucking interviews and I'm looking at these dingelberries asking me their half-assed questions, and all the time I'm thinking, how does this fuck face have a job and I don't. Explain that shit to me?

SPENCER

I wish I could.

DRAKE

Exactly. What about you Old Timer? What did you use to do?

TOM

His name is Sebastian.

DRAKE

Fine, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

Well, there was Polo in Belize, yachting on the Vineyard, hot air ballooning in Zimbabwe. The only way to see the falls, I believe.

DRAKE

Pretty fucking sweet job. You a travel writer or some shit?

SEBASTIAN

This is my great dilemma, chaps. I've never actually had a job.

ALTAIR

Never?

SEBASTIAN

No. Our family had money. A lot of money. Father was an extremely successful investment banker.

DRAKE

What the hell happened?

SEBASTIAN

You'd have to discuss it with the lawyers, but basically, Father's clients were heavy invested in Ponzies. And the Ponzi market was just terrible last year. So, before Father enrolled in Federal prison, he had to liquidate our assets and then he informed me by communiqué that I had to acquire employment.

SPENCER

Did you go to college?

SEBASTIAN

Yes. But not to study for goodness sake.

DRAKE

So you've never worked a day in your life? What are you, sixty?

SEBASTIAN

Sixty-two. But I've seen people work on television and in motion pictures. You sit at a desk, make phone calls, exchange witty banter, eat lunch. Seems reasonable to me. I rather enjoy lunch.

(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

My great hope was that you all would be able to help me get my footing in the working world. At least put something on my resume for starters.

Sebastian holds up a blank resume listing only his name.

TOM

You're in the right place, Sebastian. And what your father did has no reflection on you. You're your own man here.

SEBASTIAN

Thank you, Thomas.

ETHAN RUNYAN, a mid-20s multi-ethnic hipster with a loose tie hanging around his untucked shirt, shakes his head in disgust.

ETHAN

Quit babying the rich prick! You know, you're the reason I can't find work, man! Fucking one percent, you took everything for your greedy selves and left nothing for anyone else!

SEBASTIAN

Yes, your point being?

ETHAN

Screw this, I quit.

Everyone watches as Ethan just sits there tapping away at his iPhone.

SPENCER

Well, Ethan, if you quit, aren't you going to leave? Dramatically?

ETHAN

I'll get around to it, man, just get off my back, gawd!

TOM

You know, I was a afraid this was going to happen. We're such a divergent group. Some of you I know from my flash mob posse, some from social networking, some from my Children of Incarceration support group.

ETHAN

Guess who that is?

Ethan nods towards Sebastian.

TOM

I thought we would need a team building project. Which is why I signed us all up for the Corporate Kickball League.

No one seems thrilled at the idea.

SPENCER

Tom, we're not a real company.

TOM

But we can still be a real team. Come on, it'll be a blast. It's just a way to have some fun, get some air, have a few beers afterward. No one takes this very seriously. It's just kickball.

EXT. KICKBALL FIELD - COUPLE OF DAYS LATER

A line of BMWs, Mercedes and Porsches all pull up to the kickball field.

Out step the LEGAL EAGLES, in state of the art Nike designed uniforms, emblazoned with intimidating eagles. They got their game faces on and are in amazing shape.

The IDS team, in mismatched shorts, cut off jeans, sweat pants and T-shirts, watch the Eagles strut onto the field.

TOM

So you guys are lawyers?

MARCUS, the 40ish handsome alpha male captain of the Eagles gives them a smug smirk.

LAWYER LEADER

That's right.

JUSTIN, a mid-20s, just out of law school, smarmy instigator cracks up.

JUSTIN

What exactly is IBS? Irritable bowel syndrome?

TOM

It's IDS. We're business consultants.

MARCUS

Really. Who are your clients?

SPENCER

That's proprietary information.

MARCUS

Just that we've never really heard of you before.

SPENCER

We're a start up.

SEBASTIAN

Right. This is my first job. Ever. Very excited.

JUSTIN

That's terrific.

Altair runs on to the field in his silver uniform. A huge futuristic number 6 is on the front of his uniform, like the font used in the 1975 Rollerball movie.

ALTAIR

Sorry, I'm late, guys.

The lawyers all get a good laugh out of Altair.

JUSTIN

Did the DeLorean get a flat?  
Or did the Doc get shot by  
terrorists again?

MARCUS

Terrorists, you gotta hate that.

ALTAIR

Back to the Future. Funny. You know, I could make a joke about your over use of hair product, or your cheesy facial trimmings or you being a lesbian.

PAMELA, mid-30s, athletic, attractive, nothing about her to indicate sexual orientation one way or the other, is taken aback.

PAMELA

I'm not a lesbian. I'm married.  
I take my rings off for games.

ALTAIR

Look, this isn't about your sexual orientation. Whatever it is.

PAMELA

We have three kids.

ALTAIR

My point is, I don't make fun of people for how they look or who they are. I would expect the same of grown adults, especially ones familiar with harassment laws.

Marcus smacks the red kickball in his hands.

MARCUS

Hey, guys, what do you say we play some kickball.

TOM

Game on!

The teams break up and head for their separate benches.

DRAKE

I find out any of you scumbag lawyers worked on my ex-wife's divorce, we're gonna play some kickball. Yeah, me kicking your balls!

JUSTIN

It took me a second, but yes, very clever. Just play the game, bowel syndrome.

EXT. KICKBALL FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Shots of the two teams going back and forth. The Legal Eagles being much more skilled than the IDS team.

Marcus rolls the ball to IDS with the flair and speed of a fast pitch softball player. The spinning English on the ball prevents IDS from getting any good kicks.

On the bases, the hustling Pamela beats out Tom's throw to Altair at second, as she legs out a double.

ALTAIR

Excellent base running skills.

PAMELA

Thanks.

ALTAIR

Did you play a lot of softball in college?

PAMELA

You know, I had an affair on my husband with another man. Not gay, dude. Let it go.

Another series of Legal Eagle highlights and IDS lowlights ends with the smarmy Justin nailing Sebastian in the head with the ball as he runs the bases.

Sebastian takes a knee to get his bearings back.

SPENCER

What the hell was that?!

JUSTIN

Sorry.

Tom gets right in the face of Justin.

TOM

That was a head shot! I saw you!  
You were aiming right for his head.

JUSTIN

It got away from me, chill, dude.

Drake helps the wobbly Sebastian to his feet.

DRAKE

Real big of you! Hitting an old man. An old, feeble, impotent shell of a human being. Play of the week, pal.

JUSTIN

I said I was sorry, what?

Sebastian pats Drake on the back as he takes his base.

SEBASTIAN

Thanks for sticking up for me, Drake. I think.

DRAKE

Anytime.

EXT. KICKBALL FIELD - LATER THAT DAY

The IDS team is getting killed on the scoreboard 20-3 as Kim, the attractive IDS receptionist, gets thrown out at first. She slumps back to the bench.

KIM

Sorry, guys, we should probably just quit and get it over with.

Tom stands and tries to rally his downtrodden troops.

TOM

Don't say that.

ETHAN

What have you done all day?  
You've popped out every kick.

TOM

Maybe this time will be different.  
Because I'm not giving myself an  
excuse to fail. You know, I've  
lost out on every job interview  
I've gone to in the past year. But  
I still try. That's what this is  
all about. Sticking together as a  
team and not giving up on  
ourselves or each other!

Spencer stands beside Tom in support.

SPENCER

He's right. We're not quitting!  
Not to those rich lawyer assholes.  
If we go down, we go down fighting!  
You go, Tom! Put the kick back into  
kick their asses!

Spencer slaps Tom on the back as Tom goes up to kick.

TOM

Damn straight! Effin' home run,  
right friggin' here!

Tom lays into the ball. Bang! Right to the pitcher. Out.

Marcus gives them a self satisfied smile, as if he just  
saved the First Amendment in front of the Supreme Court.

MARCUS

Down to your last out! If you  
still want to plead the mercy  
rule, we'll allow it.

SPENCER

One out is all we need!

Spencer steps up to kick.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

So, actually, if you want to plead  
the mercy rule, we'll allow it.



PAMELA

Wait, I'm confused. You want us to quit for you?

SPENCER

No, we're going to come back and win the game. So if you want to spare yourself the humiliation of such a calamitous choke job, then you can quit now and hold on to what little dignity you have left.

JUSTIN

I get it. He's being falsely brave, everyone! Defiant in the face of certain defeat. 300 shit. Roll the ball to the nice boy, Marcus. Let him know this is not Sparta!

Marcus takes delicious joy in winding up and letting the ball go. The ball seems to have a mind of it's own as it spins toward Spencer.

Spencer focuses all of his pent up anger and frustration at the tumbling red ball. PANG! The ball sails into the air over the heads of the helpless outfielders.

By the time the ball takes its first bounce, Spencer is headed for second base.

A lawyer outfielder throws it in as Spencer rounds second.

Justin cuts the ball off as Spencer rounds third.

As Spencer heads for home, Justin hurls a fireball at Spencer's head.

Smack! Spencer goes tumbling down into the dirt.

DRAKE

Oh, fuck that!

Drake charges Justin and fights with him on the field

The two teams collapse into a brawl.

Spencer looks up as Kim wipes some blood off of Spencer's forehead with a towel.

SPENCER

They're fighting.

KIM

Yeah, for you. You okay?

Spencer admires the fight for a second, then leaps to his feet, charging in waving his towel in the air.

SPENCER

Break it up, guys! Break it up!

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Monica is putting a fresh band-aid on Spencer's forehead.

SPENCER

Hopefully it won't leave a scar  
for the wedding.

MONICA

I'm not worried about the wedding.  
I'm worried about you. I can't  
believe you got into a fight.

SPENCER

I didn't fight. I'm the one that  
broke it up. Still, it was nice to  
see the team out there sticking up  
for me. Haven't had friends like  
that since high school.

MONICA

Your friends could have gotten you  
arrested! And good luck getting a  
job with a freshly minted criminal  
record. And fighting with lawyers?  
I'm surprised they didn't sue you.

SPENCER

They threatened to.

MONICA

What?

SPENCER

Don't worry. I came up with an  
arrangement to preclude any  
litigation.

MONICA

What arrangement?

EXT. LAW OFFICES - FEW DAYS LATER

The lawyers, dressed in their power business suits, enjoy  
a catered lunch as they watch the IDS team hand wash  
their BMWs, Mercedes and Porsches in the law firm's  
parking lot.

JUSTIN

Now, Biff, I want to make sure  
that we get two coats of wax this  
time!

Altair is steaming mad, ready to throw his suds soaked  
sponge at Justin. Spencer holds Altair's arm back.

SPENCER

Just let it go. Let it go.

Altair goes back to washing the BMW. He bends down to  
soak his sponge in a bucket.

Pamela sips her glass of pinot noir, enjoying the show  
Altair is putting on in his silver mylar cut off shorts.

PAMELA

Go deep, future boy. Go deep.

INT. OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

The beleaguered IDS team stumbles back into their  
offices. Tired, wet, humiliated.

TOM

I know that wasn't the most fun  
way to spend the afternoon, but  
we had a job to do and we did it.  
We should be proud. And the cars  
looked fantastic. Didn't they?

DRAKE

Just hope no one has to use their  
brakes tonight.

SPENCER

Don't even joke like that.

DRAKE

The only joke was sticking up for  
you, only to have you sell us out!

SPENCER

Sell you out? I saved your ass.  
Do you know how much a lawyer would  
cost to defend you over something  
as stupid as a kickball fight?

DRAKE

I've represented myself in court  
before.

SEBASTIAN

How did you do?

DRAKE

I went to jail for three months.  
But it could have been four!

TOM

Listen, the important thing is we  
came together as a team.

ETHAN

Listen to you! Quit sounding like  
we're a real company! We're not.  
We're just a bunch of cheats,  
trying to get an edge on our  
resumes. First chance I get, I'm  
so outta here.

SPENCER

Go now. What's stopping you?

ETHAN

I will go now. Watch me.

Ethan just collapses behind his desk and continues to  
type out a text on his iPhone.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I'll just be like gone. See you  
later. Never see me again. Ever.  
Making bucks. Big time. Show you.

SPENCER

Yeah, we're watching.

ETHAN

Good. Might learn something.

Kim has been taking notes as she listens to voice mail at  
her reception desk. One message gets her all fired up.

KIM

Tom! Tom!

TOM

Yeah?

KIM

Someone wants to hire us!

TOM

What?

KIM

A doctor. He saw our website and  
wants to come in tomorrow and meet  
with you about his box making  
factory.

SPENCER

Fuck me.

INT. IDS OFFICES - NEXT DAY

Everyone is dressed up professionally in suits or jackets and ties, but they just sit nervously at their desks doing nothing.

Finally Drake runs in, dressed in a business suit as well.

DRAKE

He's here! Look alive dickweeds.

Everyone then gets to work, talking on phones, typing on their computers. Filing records, getting a drink at the water cooler.

DR. BARNEY PATTERSON, late 40s, strolls in and approaches Kim at the reception desk.

KIM

Hi, can I help you?

DR. PATTERSON

Yes, I'm Dr. Barney Patterson.  
I have a two o'clock meeting  
with Tom.

RECEPTION

Yes, I see you right here.  
(picks up phone)  
Tom, Dr. Patterson is here.  
(hangs up)  
He'll be right out.

Tom and Spencer come out of Tom's office.

TOM

Dr. Patterson, nice to meet you.  
Tom Turpin and this is my  
financial analyst, Spencer Pillar.  
He'll be sitting in with us today.

DR. PATTERSON

Terrific.

Altair, wearing a normal blue business suit, comes up to Tom and presents him with a report.

ALTAIR

Tom, here's the report you wanted.

TOM

Thank you, Altair. New tie?

ALTAIR

Yes. Yes, it is. Macy's.

TOM

It's nice. Thanks for the report.  
I appreciate it. I do.

Altair nods and goes back to his desk. Tom turns his attention back toward Dr. Patterson.

TOM (CONT'D)

Let's go in to my office.  
Here, this is one of my cards.

Tom hands Dr. Patterson a business card as he shows him in to his office.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Tom and Spencer have supportive, inquisitive looks on their faces as they meet with Dr. Patterson.

TOM

I'm sorry to hear about your father.

DR. PATTERSON

Thank you. He's in a better place. I just wish his business was in a better place. If I try to sell the factory now, I'm gonna take a bath. I know I have to cut payroll, but you have to understand, I grew up with these people. Since I was a kid I was helping them on the production line. I spent my summers working there, until I went to medical school. Firing them would be like firing family members.

SPENCER

What is it exactly that you want from us?

DR. PATTERSON

Just come in, look like you're studying the box-making operation for a week. Then you'll give me this report.

(hands them a report)

(MORE)

DR. PATTERSON (CONT'D)

So then when people do have to go,  
I'm just following the suggestions  
of an independent business  
consultant in order to keep the  
company viable.

TOM

So they can hate us more than  
they'll hate you.

DR. PATTERSON

Something like that. A thousand  
dollars to do it. None of the  
other business consultants I met  
with would go for it. They tried  
to sell me on their services to  
try and turn the factory around.  
Just not interested. I have to get  
back to my practice in Maryland. A  
quick sale would also help pay off  
some recently purchased medical  
equipment too. It's no secret what  
needs to be done at the factory.  
I just don't want to do it myself.

TOM

Doctor, consider it done.

SPENCER

Don't you want to discuss this  
first?

TOM

No. We'll be there tomorrow.

Tom and Dr. Patterson shake hands.

DR. PATTERSON

Great. Oh, and you'll do the  
firing as well.

TOM

We have to fire them?

DR. PATTERSON

Yeah. Like I said, it would  
be just like firing family.  
I couldn't do that. Thanks.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - LATER THAT DAY

Tom and Spencer chat while ambling around on the crowded  
Santa Monica pier.

TOM

We have to find a way to save  
their jobs!

SPENCER

That's not what he hired us to do.

TOM

But that's the only reason I took  
the job.

They meander from one side of the pier to the other.

SPENCER

We're not real consultants! What  
are we gonna know about turning a  
specialty box making factory around?

TOM

We have to at least try.

SPENCER

No. Look, if we do this, we do it  
as professionals. We do our job,  
get paid and go home. That's the  
way the world works.

TOM

Do you like the way the world works?

SPENCER

Not all the time. No.

TOM

Then when's it gonna stop?  
And with who?

SPENCER

We have a chance to make some  
money here. Real money. That's  
what companies do. That's what  
presidents of companies do. They  
look after their employees. Not  
the employees of other companies.  
Does that make sense? Your team  
needs you.

TOM

But...

SPENCER

No buts! You took the job, do the  
job.

TOM

Now!



On Tom's command, hundreds of people, including Spencer and Tom, form a single line in the middle of the pier.

One by one they tumble back into each other's arms like a row of human dominos.

At the end of the line, the last person in the row does a back flip off the pier and dives into the water below to the cheers of the surprised tourists and onlookers.

INT. PATERSON BOX COMPANY - NEXT DAY

Spencer and Tom stand in front of the blue collar factory workers, white collar sales force and company management. The rest of the IDS team is behind them with clipboards.

SPENCER

So when you see us watching you  
and making notes, try to pretend  
we're not there. We're not judging  
you. We're just trying to find  
ways to make the factory more  
efficient and increase sales.

The workers just stare back, not buying any of it.

JADED FACTORY WORKER

So who's getting canned?

Tom is a nervous wreck now, but Spencer holds firm.

SPENCER

No, that's not why we're here.  
Not at all.

TOM

Okay, he's right! People are going  
to get fired! A lot of people.

Shock races through the crowd of workers.

Spencer's completely frustrated at Tom's outburst.

TOM (CONT'D)

Unless you can turn this company  
around and make it more  
profitable! In a week.

SPENCER

We're dead. Toast.

WHITE COLLAR SALESMAN

Are you serious?

TOM

Yes. But we weren't suppose to tell you that.

FEMALE FACTORY WORKER

Why did you?

TOM

Because I don't want to see anyone lose their jobs. Look, no one knows how to do your jobs better than you. Now, if you keep our secret, I'll fight for you anyway I can. But you have to fight for yourselves first. Are you with me?

WORKERS

Yeah.

TOM

I said are you with me?!

WORKER

YEAH!

TOM

Then let's get to work!

INT. FACTORY MONTAGE - ALL THAT WEEK

The IDS workers help the hard working factory workers find ways to save time.

Sales people are constantly calling on the phones.

Everything is moving like clockwork.

Spencer sits down with the financial department looking for solutions as well.

Spencer meets with the workers and shows them financial graphs and forecasts on an overhead projector.

The factory workers take a hand vote and eventually all the hands in the room go up in favor of the vote.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - A WEEK LATER

Dr. Patterson sits down with Tom and Spencer again in Tom's office. Tom hands Spencer a report with an IDS cover on it.

TOM

So here is your report. Basically cut and pasted from your memo. Just like you requested.

SPENCER

But we also have another report for you. If you want it.

Spencer hands Dr. Patterson a thicker IDS report.

MARK

What's this?

SPENCER

At no extra charge, we've found ways to make the factory more productive, efficient and profitable. Including the factory staff all voluntarily taking a pay cut if it would prevent layoffs. You see, by our numbers, if these trends continue, you'll be at the same financial benchmarks in three months without any layoffs. And you can take those numbers to any financial advisor you choose. I stand by them.

Dr. Patterson studies the new report.

TOM

I hope you're not mad at us. Are you mad at us?

Patterson finally looks up from the report and smiles.

DR. PATTERSON

I'm not mad. I'm thrilled. Like I said, those people are like family. Three months. I can wait three months to sell.

SPENCER

So you don't want us to fire anyone?

DR. PATTERSON

Not if these numbers hold up. Thank you. I guess I might as well give you this now.

Patterson writes out a check and hands it over to Tom. Tom gazes at the \$1000 check in awe.

SPENCER

Thank you.

Spencer shakes hands with Dr. Patterson, but Tom is still locked in on the check. Spencer nudges Tom to break him out of it.

TOM

Sorry. Thank you. Yes.

Tom finally shakes hands with Dr. Patterson.

TOM (CONT'D)

Nice doing business with you.

After Dr. Patterson leaves the office, Tom and Spencer give each other a high five and a big hug.

The rest of the staff finally enters Tom's office.

DRAKE

Any layoffs?

TOM

Not for now, no! And look! We got paid! A thousand bucks!

They all celebrate in the crowded office as the check is held high in the air like a championship trophy.

GUYS

IDS! IDS! IDS!

EXT. VILLA DE AMORE VINEYARD - NEXT DAY

Monica and Spencer stroll through the beautiful rolling hills of the Villa de Amore Vineyard. Monica is sold.

MONICA

Look at this place. It's like we're in Tuscany.

SPENCER

It is gorgeous. Pricey, but gorgeous.

MONICA

Spencer.

SPENCER

What?

MONICA

This is it. This is where we're having the wedding.

The vineyard WEDDING CORR DINATOR approaches them.

WEDDING CORR DINATOR

I checked our calendar and your date is free. However, it's the only open June Saturday left and we have had several inquiries about it.

MONICA

But we can still get it?

WEDDING CORR DINATOR

Yes, but I would need your deposit to secure the date.

SPENCER

We'll take it.

MONICA

Really?

SPENCER

I know you think I'm mister cheapskate at times. And we don't go all out on the holidays, but that's just to save for the big moments like this. And I've never let you down for the big moments, have I?

MONICA

No, you haven't.

SPENCER

And I never will. It's gonna be an awesome wedding, baby!

Monica jumps in Spencer's arms and he swings her around.

INT. IDS OFFICES - NEXT DAY

Spencer strolls into the IDS offices happy as can be, but the rest of the guys are down in the dumps.

SPENCER

Morning, guys.

No one responds.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

What? Someone die?

TOM

Kim left.

SPENCER

What did you guys do?

DRAKE

We didn't do anything. She got a real receptionist job. Totally bailed on us.

SPENCER

Good for her. That's the whole point of IDS. To get us jobs.

ALTAIR

Yes, but her departure has left us in need of a new receptionist. I nominate Ethan. He's the youngest and one could objectively argue the prettiest.

ETHAN

Screw you, I'm vice-president of marketing.

SPENCER

Wait, you let him claim to be a vice-president?

TOM

Sure. Everyone got to make up their own titles.

DRAKE

Fuck, I'm just the director of operations. That punk outranks me?

ETHAN

Sweet.

DRAKE

Flaming nuts, man! I wanna be a vice-president too!

ALTAIR

We just printed up your cards.

DRAKE

So?

ALTAIR

It's a waste of resources. Look, I'm not a vice-president.

DRAKE

Yeah, because you suck! I don't care about my cards.

(MORE)

DRAKE (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna be outranked by a guy who's already quit the company three times.

ETHAN

Keep it up, man, I'll quit again. Take my talents to South Beach.

TOM

Guys, we don't need more vice-presidents. We need a receptionist.

SPENCER

How about this? Take a hundred dollars of the thousand bucks we made and whoever is the receptionist, gets to keep it.

TOM

We can't do that.

SPENCER

Why not?

TOM

The money's spent.

SPENCER

What? We just got it.

TOM

I know.

SPENCER

What did you spend it on?

TOM

We're gonna throw a party.

SPENCER

A party? Are you kidding me?

TOM

No. I talked to the guys and we all agreed it would be the best way to spend the money.

SPENCER

This is a joke, right? You guys are serious? We could have put that money to good use. What the hell were you thinking?

TOM

I'll tell you what we were thinking. That when a good friend is getting married, you gotta throw the guy a kick-ass bachelor party!

SPENCER

A bachelor party? For me?

TOM

Hell yeah for you! Call the driver, tell him Spencer's here.

ETHAN

Texted him three minutes ago.

A party bus screeches up to the front of the building and revs its engine and honks its party horn.

SPENCER

Guys, look, this is crazy.

DRAKE

It's going to get a whole lot more crazy! Get him!

The guys all pick Spencer up and carry him out the door.

GUYS

Spencer! Spencer! Spencer!

SPENCER

If you guys got a bunch of strippers on that bus, I'm just gonna jump out the window! Monica, she was engaged before, but the dumbass banged a stripper at his bachelor party and blew the whole thing up.

INT. PARTY BUS - CONTINUOUS

The guys carry Spencer on to the bus.

There are no strippers, just flashing strobe lights, blaring music, a cooler full of beers and MIGUEL, the 50ish driver that has seen it all before.

TOM

Relax, Spencer! Just us, some beers and booze! G-N-O! Guys night out!

Drake hands out beers to all the guys.



TOM (CONT'D)

To Spencer getting married and IDS  
making our first dollar!

ETHAN

The first of many!

The guys all toast beers.

SEBASTIAN

Can we tell him now?

SPENCER

Tell me what?

TOM

The guys and I were talking. Maybe  
we can make a IDS a real company.

ALTAIR

We have a track record now. We did  
it once, why can't we do it again?  
The future repeats the past.  
Are you in?

SEBASTIAN

You have to be in, Spencer.  
You're the smartest guy we got.

SPENCER

I don't know. Starting a business  
is very risky. I'd have to think  
about it.

DRAKE

No, you have to drink about it.  
Knock that shit out, pussy! You  
too, Ethan! Put that iPhone down  
and show this old man how it's  
done.

Ethan downs his beer and Spencer takes the challenge,  
finishing off his beer too.

ETHAN

Naw, don't step. You don't want  
this, bro.

SPENCER

Hey, I can go with the best of  
them. I am fucking Karen Allen.

ETHAN

Who?

SPENCER

Karen Allen, from Raiders of the Lost Ark. When she drinks that dude under the table in that bar in Nepal. I'm Karen Allen and you are an inbred Nepalese yak herder!

ETHAN

Oh, it's on!

EXT. STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD - LATER THAT NIGHT

The party bus cruises through the Sunset Strip traffic.

INT. PARTY BUS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Dozens of beer bottles are rolling around on the floor. The party has been going on for awhile and the guys are all sloshed.

ETHAN

Fuck, man, I think I'm gonna be sick. No shit.

Drake grabs Ethan.

DRAKE

Hey, can you hold it?

ETHAN

You can hold it when I puke in your fucking hands.

DRAKE

I got a plan. Hey, driver!

TOM

His name's Miguel. And he's cool!

DRAKE

Miguel, I need you to go somewhere!

INT. PARTY BUS - LAW FIRM PARKING LOT

The bus pulls into the parking lot of the Legal Eagles law firm.

A party bus window rolls down.

DRAKE

Okay, man, do it!

ETHAN

I think I'm gonna be okay now.  
I'm feeling much better actually.  
Yeah, I'm gonna be... Oh, shit!

Ethan sticks his head out the window and yaks on Justin's BMW.

ALTAIR

Take that Bavarian Motor Works!

The party bus speeds away.

GUYS

Ethan! Ethan! Ethan!

INT. PARTY BUS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Spencer grabs Tom and pulls him tight.

SPENCER

I just wanted to say that this  
guy, this guy here, is the best  
friend I've ever had! Bar none!  
Besties for life, bro!

TOM

I'm a better friend than the real  
Tom Turpin?

SPENCER

Dude, I didn't even like the real  
Tom Turpin. I didn't hate him, but  
I didn't like him. Mostly just  
ignored him. Like he didn't even  
matter. Kinda like, Ethan.

ETHAN

Asshole.

SPENCER

I'm just fucking with you, E-baby.  
You're the best, man! You all are!  
You guys kicked ass for me! You  
put the hurt down on those lawyer  
assholes! Found them in contempt  
of being jag-offs!

DRAKE

Fuck it, anytime, brother!

TOM

So does that mean you're going to  
help us make IDS a real company?

SPENCER

We are real! It doesn't get any  
more real than it is right now!  
IDS for life!

They all bring their beer bottles together for a toast!

GUYS

IDS! IDS!

The bus comes to a screeching halt, the guys tumble forward.

DRAKE

What the hell? Why are we stopping?

ETHAN

Fuck, I'm gonna lose it again!

Tom gets up and goes to Miguel.

TOM

What's going on?

MIGUEL

There's a car that needs help.  
I think they ran out of gas.

Miguel points to a car on the side of the road with its  
flashers on and a plastic gas can on top of the roof.

DRAKE

Fuck, that ain't our problem.  
We're having a party!

SEBASTIAN

Party!

TOM

You know what? We should probably  
just keep going, Miguel.

MIGUEL

But I thought you said we were  
picking up the --

Tom bends down to confide in Miguel privately.

TOM

Let's just forget that part of the  
party for now. Okay?

DRAKE

Move that bus! Move that bus!

Spencer marches up past Tom and opens the bus doors.

SPENCER

No, wait, guys. Maybe we can help.  
You know, Drake, that could be  
your grandmother out there.

Two HOT CHICKS climb aboard the bus in tight white  
T-shirts, holding the plastic gas can.

HOT BLONDE

Hi, guys! Thanks for stopping!

ETHAN

Drake, your grandmother is fucking  
hot!

HOT BRUNETTE

We need gas.

HOT BLONDE

Yeah, but first we have to empty  
out all this stupid water in our  
gas can.

The hot brunette starts to pour water on the blonde's  
T-shirt and the blonde in turn starts to splash and rub  
it onto the brunette's T-shirt.

SPENCER

You fucking, guys! No! I can't do  
this! No way!

DRAKE

Don't insult my grandmother, a-hole!

The guys all tackle Spencer and wrestle him down.

Tom looks troubled with the strippers, but then joins in  
the fun once things get going.

In the struggle Spencer's iPhone falls out on the floor  
and slides forward toward Miguel at the front of the bus.

The guys tie Spencer up in the back of the bus.

The girls dance their way back to Spencer and start giving  
him lap dances as they strip off their wet T-shirts.

With the bus parked, Miguel turns around to enjoy the show.

Spencer's phone starts ringing and Monica's picture comes up.

Miguel reaches down and answers it.

MIGUEL

Hello?

MONICA (ON PHONE)  
Who is this?

MIGUEL  
I'm Miguel. The driver.

MONICA (ON PHONE)  
The driver? Where's Spencer?

MIGUEL  
In the back of the bus.

MONICA (ON PHONE)  
I need to talk to him.

MIGUEL  
He's kinda busy right now.

MONICA (ON PHONE)  
What's going on? Why is Spencer on  
a bus? Turn on FaceTime.

MIGUEL  
FaceTime?

MONICA (ON PHONE)  
There's a button on the screen  
that says FaceTime. Push it.

MIGUEL  
Okay.

He pushes the FaceTime button and Monica pops up.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)  
I see you. Hello.

MONICA (ON FACETIME)  
Point the phone where Spencer is.  
I want to see what he's doing.

MIGUEL  
I'll show you, but I don't think  
you'll like it.

Miguel takes the phone back and shows her Spencer getting  
sandwiched by the naked strippers.

SPENCER  
This is so bad, guys! I'm so  
fucking bad right now!

SEBASTIAN  
You're fucking Karen Allen!

SPENCER

I am Karen Allen! I am fucking...  
(sees Monica on the  
iPhone FaceTime)  
...fucked! Monica! This isn't what  
it looks like! Honest. Not at all.

Monica is outraged.

MONICA (ON FACETIME)

You fucking asshole!

Monica hangs up.

ETHAN

I don't think she bought it, dude.

INT. MONICA'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Spencer, hair still covered in beer and stripper water,  
sits somberly with Monica in her living room.  
She's steaming mad.

SPENCER

I promise, I had no idea they were  
gonna do that. None. It meant  
nothing to me. I was just trying  
to act like I was having a good  
time so the guys wouldn't be  
disappointed.

MONICA

I don't care that you had a  
bachelor party. I do, but I care  
more about the fact that you've  
been lying this whole time. What  
if word gets out that you lied on  
your resume? And this Tom, who you  
said was a complete wacko, you let  
him into our life like that! He  
could blackmail you once you get a  
job with your bogus resume!

SPENCER

He wouldn't do that. Tom's not a  
bad guy.

MONICA

Considering he tried to smother my  
fiancee in D-cups tonight, I beg  
to differ. Have you even tried  
looking for a job these past two  
weeks or have you just been  
getting drunk with your buddies  
and hanging out with strippers?

SPENCER

Of course, I've tried. I try every day to get us back to where we were. IDS was supposed to help, but it all ends tonight. IDS is over. So can we please just get past this?

MONICA

I'm sorry, Spencer, but ever since we put down the deposit for the wedding, I've been having feelings.

SPENCER

Me too.

MONICA

No, not good feelings. I've been having doubts. It's not about the lying or the strippers. I mean, that didn't help, but I wanna have fun in life.

SPENCER

What are you talking about?  
We have fun.

MONICA

Do we? I mean, when was the last time we went out for New Year's?

SPENCER

We never go out for New Year's. The bars are all packed, can't get service. Then you got all the drunks on the road. I care about your safety too much.

MONICA

Have we ever once dyed Easter eggs or carved a pumpkin for Halloween?

SPENCER

When we have kids we will. Promise.

MONICA

What about my Valentine's Day chocolates?

SPENCER

I get you the biggest box I can find.

MONICA

Right. The day after Valentines's.



SPENCER

When they're half off. You agreed that was the smartest move. Look, just because we're practical, doesn't mean we're not having fun. The big moments. Remember what I said about the big moments? I proposed to you in Paris! Kinda beats out Flag Day, doesn't it?

MONICA

I want little moments too! Little fucking spur of the moment, impractical, foolish, dumb as hell, crazy little moments! I'm sorry, Spencer, but I don't think I want to marry you anymore.

SPENCER

Don't say that. Look, I fucked up. I know it. But don't do this.

MONICA

Maybe we just need some time apart. Let me sort this out in my head. A clean break for a few months.

SPENCER

A few months?

MONICA

I'll come by for my stuff on Saturday. Have it by the front door. And don't be there. I'll leave your key behind under the welcome mat.

SPENCER

This is crazy. You know, that deposit we put down for the wedding was nonrefundable.

MONICA

I need you to go now.

SPENCER

I'm not going.

MONICA

Go! Or I'll call the police!

Spencer moves to the door and Monica follows.

SPENCER

No, no cops. I'm going, but I'm leaving the door open physically and I need you to leave the door open meta --

Monica slams the door in his face once he's outside.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

-- phorically.

Spencer trudges up to the party bus parked in front of Monica's house and the doors open for him.

INT. PARTY BUS - CONTINUOUS

The guys are down in the dumps as Spencer comes aboard.

TOM

How'd it go?

SPENCER

She called off the wedding.  
Wants to break up.

TOM

What?

SEBASTIAN

Oh, my goodness.

SPENCER

She's coming by Saturday to pick up her stuff from my place.

DRAKE

Tough break, pal.

TOM

This was my fault. How did I know she was gonna have an issue with strippers? I tried to keep us moving, I did, but you really wanted to help them.

DRAKE

You help people out, you're gonna get fucked. Words to live by, my friends.

TOM

Maybe I should just go in and talk to her. Tell her the stranded strippers were my idea and you didn't know anything about it.

SPENCER

No! Don't! It's not just the bachelor party. It's more than that. This is my fault. No one else's.

TOM

At least she wants to see you again on Saturday.

SPENCER

No, she doesn't want me home when she's picking up her stuff.

TOM

Yeah, she does. Otherwise she would be sending someone else to pick it up for her.

DRAKE

That's true. My ex's always sent the new guy they were banging to pick up their left behind crap. Really rub it in.

(rare show of emotion)

It hurt so bad.

Ethan and Sebastian comfort the distraught Drake.

TOM

We have three days to solve this.

SPENCER

You can't solve this.

TOM

Hey, we are IDS. Innovated Dynamic Solutions. If we can save companies, we can save your relationship.

SPENCER

It's gonna take more than the six of us to save that.

TOM

Hey, I got a lot of friends out there, Spencer. And my friends are your friends.

EXT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - SATURDAY MORNING

Monica pulls up to Spencer's house and knocks on the door. When no one answers, she uses her key.

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Monica slowly opens the front door.

MONICA

Hello? Spencer, are you home?

Monica looks down and sees a box of her clothes, books, CDs, hair products.

She sighs and bends down to grab the box.

She then notices a heart shaped balloon floating in the hallway.

She goes to the balloon. Once there, she sees another balloon floating further down the hallway. Then another and another.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Spencer?

Monica follows the balloons to the kitchen, where it is decorated for Valentine's Day.

Spencer is at the stove cooking.

SPENCER

Hi, boss.

MONICA

What's all this?

SPENCER

Happy Valentine's Day.

MONICA

It's September 17th. Not Valentine's Day. Not by a long shot.

SPENCER

It is today.

MONICA

You're not going to win me back with a bunch of mylar balloons and construction paper hearts. So, yeah.

SPENCER

Can I at least make you breakfast? Strawberry pancakes.

Spencer slides a heart shaped pancake on a plate and covers it with fresh strawberries and powdered sugar.

MONICA

Not hungry.

SPENCER

Can't blame a guy for trying.

Spencer picks up the plate to dump it in the trash.

MONICA

Don't waste it! Fine, I'll eat it.  
But this means nothing. Except  
world starvation is a horrible,  
horrible thing. Very sad.

Monica and Spencer sit down together and eat.

SPENCER

Full disclosure, I do have an  
ulterior motive for making you  
breakfast.

MONICA

Full disclosure, whatever your  
little plan is, it's going down in  
flames. Like the love we once  
shared and cherished!

SPENCER

I need you to help me move a  
fooseball table.

MONICA

What?

SPENCER

A bar was getting rid of their's,  
got a good deal on it. It's not  
that heavy, just awkward. Please?  
Everyone else is busy today.  
O'Malley's down the street.  
Take five minutes.

MONICA

Fine. We'll be even for breakfast.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S IRISH PUB - LATER THAT MORNING

Monica and Spencer pull up in front of O'Malley's Irish  
Pub in his Nissan Cube.

Spencer pops open the back rear gate. Spencer moves a  
power saw over to the side to make room.

SPENCER

There. It should fit.

MONICA

Is that my brother's power saw?

SPENCER

Yeah. I was thinking since we are breaking up, I should probably take it back to him today.

MONICA

It's too bad. He actually liked you.

SPENCER

What's not to like?

Monica rolls her eyes.

MONICA

O'Malley's even open this early?

SPENCER

Sure. They're expecting me.

INT. O'MALLEY'S IRISH PUB - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer and Monica walk through the door. The place is packed, a sea of green as Irish music blares and beer flows freely.

MONICA

What the hell is going on?

SPENCER

Happy St. Patrick's Day!

MONICA

Who are these people?

SPENCER

Friends.

MONICA

You don't have this many friends.

SPENCER

I do today. Come on, one beer?

ETHAN

Happy St. Patrick's Day, broham!

Ethan hugs Spencer and slaps a "Kiss Me I'm Irish" sticker on him.

SPENCER  
(points at sticker)  
I don't have my glasses on.  
What does it say?

MONICA  
It says better luck next time.

Monica peels off the "Kiss Me I'm Irish" sticker and slaps it on someone passing by.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
There's no fooseball table, is there?

SPENCER  
No.

MONICA  
We can go.

EXT. PARK - LATER THAT DAY

Spencer pulls up to a park with Monica. She's not happy.

MONICA  
A park? What? Is Easter next?

SPENCER  
I don't know. Maybe you should see if there are any hidden eggs out there.

MONICA  
I'm not playing anymore games, Spencer. Please take me home.

SPENCER  
Okay, fine, but there's actually really valuable stuff stashed in the bushes. I don't want to leave them out too much longer.

MONICA  
You think you can bribe me back with jewelry?

SPENCER  
Just help me find the eggs.

EXT. PARK - BUSHES - MOMENTS LATER

Monica picks up a plastic egg hidden in some bushes.

MONICA

Found one! Not very heavy. I think someone already grabbed whatever was in here.

SPENCER

Open it up. See.

Monica opens the plastic egg. It is a scrap of paper with a phone number on it.

MONICA

It's my phone number.

SPENCER

That was the first time you wrote it down for me in night school. When we were dividing up into study groups.

MONICA

You kept it all this time?

SPENCER

It's like our first link.

INT. PARK - LATER THAT DAY

Monica has a basket of eggs that she opens up. A plastic hotel room key is in one.

SPENCER

The hotel key card from our first weekend trip together.

MONICA

Santa Barbara. I love Santa Barbara.

Another egg has a cork in it.

SPENCER

The Champagne the night we got engaged.

MONICA

Spencer, this is all very sweet, but it doesn't change --

BANG! An loud explosion startles them.

MONICA (CONT'D)

What was that?



SPENCER

Sounded like a firework.  
Or gunfire. Let's go see.

Spencer leads Monica to the other side of the park where there is a red, white and blue Fourth of July picnic going on complete with sparklers and fireworks.

MONICA

More friends?

SPENCER

Yep.

Sebastian waves them over.

SEBASTIAN

Spencer, come on down! Enjoy the fun!

Spencer and Monica join in the picnic games. Water balloon toss, three legged race, tug of war, hula hoop contest.

And as dusk falls, they enjoy a small fireworks show.

Spencer and Monica share a blanket as they look up in the sky.

Their hands touch accidentally. At first Monica pulls away, but then she keeps her hand there and lets Spencer hold it.

INT. NISSAN CUBE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Monica and Spencer are riding in his car. She's let her guard down, clearly enjoying herself.

MONICA

How did you pull this off?

SPENCER

Wasn't easy. Took a lot of...

The car stalls out.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Crap.

MONICA

What's wrong?

SPENCER

We're out of gas. I've been running around so much getting everything ready, I just totally forgot. Sorry.

Fake fog starts to fill the dark street they're pulled over on.

MONICA

Okay, kinda getting scared here.

SPENCER

You should be. Because it's  
Halloween and no mere mortal can  
resist the evil of The Thriller!

The sound of Michael Jackson's Thriller fills the air.

Around the corner emerges a flash mob of zombies all doing the Thriller dance, led by Tom, the head zombie.

MONICA

Oh, my, gawd, that's so cool!

After their dance finale the zombies all come creeping toward Spencer's car just like real zombies.

The guts from one Zombie rubs on the windows, leaving disgusting streaks behind.

SPENCER

Wow, that's like real intestines.  
Cow, I'm guessing. Maybe pig.

MONICA

Okay. Are you really out of gas?

SPENCER

Nope.

Spencer starts the car up and honks his horn as he zips away from the horde of zombies still in character.

INT. NISSAN CUBE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Monica is all smiles now and Spencer has a hopeful look on his face.

SPENCER

So how am I doing here? Are we  
still looking at a break up?

MONICA

Let's just say more a break than a  
break up.

SPENCER

Does that mean I can keep your  
brother's power saw longer?

MONICA  
He likes you. He loves his saw.

EXT. MONICA'S BROTHER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

TONY BOLLARD, early 30s, comes to the door and finds Monica and Spencer there, holding the power saw.

TONY  
Hi. What are you guys doing here?

SPENCER  
Got your power saw. Sorry, I had it so long.

TONY  
Any longer and I was gonna let you keep it as a wedding gift. Listen, we were just sitting down for dinner. Join us.

MONICA  
Oh, no. We don't want to impose.

TONY  
Come on, there's plenty. Helen, we need two more plates! My sister's here.

Spencer and Monica follow Tony into the dinning room...

... where a whole Thanksgiving feast is laid out.

Around the table are MONICA'S SISTER-IN-LAW and NIECE and NEPHEW.

NIECE & NEPHEW  
Happy Thanksgiving, Aunt Monica!

Monica stares down Spencer.

MONICA  
You recruited my niece and nephew for this? You're shameless.

SPENCER  
I'm hungry. Let's eat.

Spencer and Monica take their places at the table.

EXT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

When Spencer pulls up to his house it is covered in man made snow and Christmas decorations.

SPENCER  
Are you coming in?

MONICA  
Still have to pick up my box.

Monica follows Spencer up to the front door step.  
Spencer fumbles for his keys.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Hey, Spencer?

SPENCER  
Yeah?

Monica points above them where mistletoe hangs.

MONICA  
Mistletoe. Merry Christmas.

Monica kisses Spencer.

SPENCER  
Merry Christmas.

Spencer opens the door and a Christmas tree is all set up complete with presents under the tree.

INT. COUCH - LATER THAT NIGHT

Spencer and Monica lay on the couch drinking egg nog and eating Christmas cookies.

MONICA  
How did you get egg nog in September?

SPENCER  
I have my connections. So are we officially back? I never did change my Facebook relationship status.

MONICA  
I'll let you know tomorrow.  
How's that?

Spencer checks his watch.

SPENCER  
Well, technically, tomorrow starts in thirty seconds.

They hear noise makers and cheers from the front yard.

MONICA

You didn't.

SPENCER

I did.

Spencer leads Monica to the front door.

When they open the door, they discover Spencer's front yard packed with hundreds of people. Some wearing those big blue floppy Nivea New Year's Eve hats.

They surround a big pole with a lighted ball at the top, which starts to drop. Altair is at the controls of the ball.

CROWD

Ten... Nine... Eight... Seven...  
Six... Five... Four... Three...  
Two... One! Happy New Year!

Spencer grabs Monica and they kiss as the crowd sings Auld Lang Syne.

Spencer waves to Tom and the rest of the IDS guys, Altair, Drake, Ethan and Sebastian, who are standing by the New Year's Eve pole.

INT. BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Spencer and Monica wake up in Spencer's bed when they hears his phone buzz and beep on his dresser from a text.

MONICA

No, stay in bed.

SPENCER

Could be Tom. Might want to know  
how things went.

Spencer grabs his iPhone and is stunned.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Holy crap!

MONICA

What?

SPENCER

I got a job interview!

MONICA

Is this part of your stunt?

SPENCER

No! I really got a job interview!  
Look!

Spencer jumps on the bed with Monica, kissing her and showing her the message on his phone.

INT. FRANKLIN COMPACTOR CORP. - OFFICE - NEXT DAY

In a well appointed corner office, Spencer sits across from KENDRICK PETERS, a late 50s, sharply dressed executive.

KENDRICK

I see on your resume that you're currently employed with IDS. You just started with them really.

SPENCER

Yes, um, IDS.... The truth is after I got laid off from Whitley-Dunham, I didn't want to just sit around collecting unemployment. A friend of mine decided to put together a start up consulting group and I came on board as the financial analyst. We're small, but we did land one client. Patterson Box Company. Really helped put them on a solid footing.

KENDRICK

Would it be okay if I talked to someone at Patterson?

SPENCER

I can put you in touch with them. Sure.

KENDRICK

I'm curious. Why not give IDS a chance? Sounds like you're off to a promising start.

SPENCER

To be honest, I'm getting married in June.

KENDRICK

Congratulations.

SPENCER

Thank you. And I really just need something more secure.

(MORE)

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Something that I can depend on for years to come. Health insurance, 401K, pension plan. You know how it is.

KENDRICK

I do indeed. You'll find plenty of security here. We're the fourth ranked leader in industrial compactors in the U.S. market. And this beauty here...

Kendrick points to a huge photo of an industrial compactor.

KENDRICK (CONT'D)

... the X-B-Ninety-Two-S is going to take us right to the top. Completely state of the art and eco-friendly. It's everything you could ever want in a compactor. We call it the "Dream Crusher."

INT. IDS OFFICES - LATER THAT DAY

Spencer strolls into the IDS office, a bit tentative, but still happy to see all the guys again.

SPENCER

Sorry, I'm late guys. Had to run some errands.

TOM

So, how'd it go?

SPENCER

Wedding's back on! I'm getting married again!

The guys all cheer for Spencer.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Thanks for everything you guys did. I'll never forget it.

TOM

That's what friends are for. Spencer, this is my Uncle Vincent.

UNCLE VINCENT stands up from a desk. The years have worn him down, but he has a feisty, no bullshit stance.

SPENCER

Hi, sir, nice to meet you.

UNCLE VINCENT

You, you're the smart one everyone is talking about.

SPENCER

Well, I'm...

UNCLE VINCENT

We talk now. Alone.

Vince goes into Tom's office. Spencer looks to Tom.

TOM

I'm trying to get him to invest in IDS. He's thinking about it. Make a good impression.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Uncle Vincent sits at Tom's desk with a worried look. Spencer tries not to be nervous, but it's a losing battle.

UNCLE VINCENT

Tommy, he's a good kid. I don't want to see him end up like his father. I should have done more for him, but I had my hands full with my own boys, you know.

SPENCER

I understand.

UNCLE VINCENT

This business he has here. Is it for real? What does he know about being a consultant?

SPENCER

Tom's... Our leader. I'm the MBA, I know financing, markets, monetary policy. But Tom knows people. He told you about the factory we helped, right?

UNCLE VINCENT

I wanna help, but I can't piss my money away. What I have for retirement got cut to shit the last few years. Bloodbath. But you seem smart. You're not a con man are you?

SPENCER

If I was, would I tell you?



UNCLE VINCENT

Probably not. We'll talk again,  
you and I.

Vincent gets up and Spencer follows him out of the office.

Vincent hugs Tom goodbye.

UNCLE VINCENT (CONT'D)

You guys take care. I'll be around  
again, Tommy.

TOM

Thanks Uncle Vincent. Say, Hi, to  
Aunt May.

UNCLE VINCENT

I will, kid. I will.

Vincent leaves.

TOM

So, is he going to invest?

SPENCER

You know, he's a hard guy to read.  
But maybe.

TOM

That's great news! I knew you  
could do it.

Tom's cell phone rings.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hang on.

(answers phone)

Hello?... Speaking... Spencer  
Pillar, yes, Spencer works here...  
Okay... Okay...

Spencer stares at Tom with pleading eyes, for a good reference, but also for forgiveness.

TOM (CONT'D)

You know, Kendrick, I have a call  
on the other line. I'm gonna have  
to get back to you on that.

Tom hangs up.

TOM (CONT'D)

You had a job interview today?

SPENCER

I did.

TOM

But... What about us? IDS?  
I thought we were all going to  
make a go of it. Remember the  
other night?

SPENCER

The other night was kinda a blur.

DRAKE

You can't bail on us, Spencer.

SEBASTIAN

We need you.

ETHAN

You can't just quit! That's bullshit.

ALTAIR

Spencer, if you leave us, I swear,  
I will work day and night with one  
singular purpose. To make you  
regret leaving IDS for the rest of  
your God forsaken meaningless  
life. IDS will be bigger than  
Apple, Google and Coca-Cola  
combined. And you will be the one  
to have missed out on all of it.  
Pretty please, don't go?

SPENCER

Come on guys, the bachelor party  
is over! Let's get real. If any of  
you were offered a safe, secure  
job, you wouldn't take it? You'd be  
fools not to! I'm getting married!

DRAKE

Thanks to us!

SPENCER

I am thankful! For everything.  
But you gotta face facts. Eighty  
percent of all new businesses fail  
within the first year. I can't  
take that kinda chance, guys. I  
need this job. Sorry, Tom, but you  
gotta call Kendrick back. Say  
anything you can to help me out  
here.

TOM

I wasn't sure when I was going to do this, but I guess now is as good a time as any. We have to go somewhere.

SPENCER

Go where?

TOM

You'll see.

DRAKE

Are we all going?

TOM

No, just Spencer and me.

SPENCER

Can you call Kendrick back first?

TOM

No, after we go.

Spencer is frustrated, but relents to Tom's will.

SPENCER

Fine, let's get this over with. Guys, seriously, thanks. I'll be around. Lunchtime drop ins.

DRAKE

Good luck, Spencer. Fucking jerk.

SEBASTIAN

Cheers, Spencer.

ETHAN

Whatever, dude. But in a good way.

SPENCER

I'll take that.

ALTAIR

See you in the future.

SPENCER

You will indeed. And I really do hope that I regret leaving. You guys are gonna do great with IDS.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER THAT DAY

Tom and Spencer pull up to some cemetery gates.

SPENCER

This is a graveyard.

TOM

I think the politically correct term is cemetery. Just saying.

SPENCER

I swear, if you pull anything...

TOM

After all we've been through, you don't trust me?

SPENCER

Tom, I trust you in ways you have no idea. Go, let's do this.

Tom drives through the cemetery gates.

EXT. CEMETERY - ROW OF TOMBSTONES - MOMENTS LATER

Tom and Spencer stroll through the cemetery.

SPENCER

If you put the time and effort into looking for a job that you do into your flash mobbing, you'd find something in no time. I'm sure of it.

TOM

What if we both put that same kinda time and commitment into IDS? We could build something great together.

SPENCER

You think too much of me, Tom.

TOM

No, you think too little of yourself.

SPENCER

We can go back and forth like this all day, but it isn't going to change my mind. So why don't you just tell me why we're here?

TOM

There. That's why.

Tom points to the grave of THOMAS TURPIN 1977-2005.

SPENCER

Oh, my God. Tom's dead?

TOM

I tried to track him down for you. You looked so disappointed to see me that first day. Plus I started The Tom Turpin Club. You can only join if your name is Tom Turpin. Eight members so far on Facebook. Unfortunately, your friend died seven years ago in a car crash. Sorry.

SPENCER

Didn't even make it to thirty.

TOM

In high school, did you all call him Turpentine?

SPENCER

Yeah. Sometimes. Hated it.

TOM

Me too. Most Turpins hate it. It was a poll question on our group page.

SPENCER

Thanks for bringing me here.  
(pats Tom's tombstone)  
I didn't know.

TOM

I know that's your friend down there, but it's my name. It really brings it home that none of us are going to live forever. How many chances do you get in life to make something happen? To really take a shot at your dreams. Are you really sure you want to leave IDS?

SPENCER

Yeah, I am.

TOM

Okay.

Tom pulls out his phone and presses a button.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hi, Kendrick, Tom Turpin here calling you back about Spencer Pillar....

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Yeah, Spencer's a great guy and I'm really gonna miss the hell out of him, but I won't stand in the way of bigger and better things for him. You'd be a fool not to hire him.... Okay, you're welcome.

Tom hangs up the phone as they stand quietly at Tom's grave for a moment.

SPENCER

Thanks, friend.

TOM

It's what we do.

INT. MONICA'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Monica looks up and sees Spencer standing in her doorway, looking depressed and forlorn.

MONICA

Spencer... What's wrong?

SPENCER

I, um, got the job.

MONICA

Really?! Congratulations!

She leaps up and hugs him.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Tonight we're celebrating!

SPENCER

Yeah, I'm really happy.

MONICA

I can tell. What's wrong?

SPENCER

I feel like I abandoned the guys at IDS.

MONICA

You sound like it was a real company. Spencer, you had no choice. You did what you had to do.

SPENCER

You're right. You're right.

INT. OFFICE CUBE BY BATHROOM DOOR - NEXT WEEK

Spencer sits at his new cube. Its shelves and desktop are completely bare, except for the computer and phone.

ROBERT BOND, mid-30s, lopsided haircut and unfashionable glasses, trains Spencer.

ROBERT

So they should get you your sign  
in and password this afternoon.  
Oh, and make sure you have all the  
keys for the locks on your desk  
drawers. And use them. I've had a  
few things go walking on me.  
Best of Limp Bizkit CD. Gone.

Spencer opens one of the desk drawers and finds a Rubik's Cube. Robert grabs the cube and places it on the desk.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Sorry, about that. They were  
supposed to clean everything out.  
Keep it if you want or just throw  
it away. No one cares.

JOEL CARTER, late 20s and just a bit too pleased with himself, stops by the cube, as if he'd just done Robert and Spencer a huge favor.

JOEL

New guy, huh?

ROBERT

Yeah, this is Spencer Pillar.  
Spencer, Joel Carter.

SPENCER

Nice to meet you, Joel.

JOEL

Like wise. Welcome aboard.

Joel slips into the bathroom and the door slams shut.

ROBERT

Do not trust that douche. Ever.

SPENCER

Okay.

ROBERT

Sorry you got the shitter cube.  
They're suppose to fix the door so  
it doesn't slam.

SPENCER

That'd be --

They can clearly hear a loud fart from the bathroom.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

-- nice.

A toilet flushes.

EXT. CRATE AND BARREL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Spencer and Monica hunt for parking in the Crate and Barrel parking lot. Monica points to an empty spot.

MONICA

Over there, in the front! Get it, quick!

As Spencer goes to turn in to the spot, they discover there is a Miata parked there.

SPENCER

Fucking Miataed!

MONICA

What?

SPENCER

Nothing. Sorry.

INT. CRATE AND BARREL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Monica zaps gifts for their wedding registry with a laser gun, while Spencer follows behind her.

SPENCER

I think I'm gonna like it there.  
They seem like good guys.

MONICA

Good. I'm glad.

Monica zaps a homemade ice cream maker.

SPENCER

Do we really need one of those?

MONICA

An ice cream maker? Yes.

Spencer grows agitated.



SPENCER

How many times are we really going to make ice cream? Honestly.

MONICA

We need it. Everyone registers for an ice cream maker.

SPENCER

It's eighty bucks! I bet we make ice cream twice, tops. That's forty dollars for a bowl of ice cream!

MONICA

What's wrong with you?

Spencer takes a deep breath and gets a grip on himself.

SPENCER

I'm sorry. Get the ice cream maker. I like ice cream.

MONICA

It makes frozen yogurt too.

SPENCER

Well, you didn't say that. Awesome.

INT. SPENCER'S DESK - NEXT DAY

More farts and toilet flushes at Spencer's cube as his training continues with Robert.

ROBERT

.... Anyway, so you go to the drop down menu and rate yourself each week on how you're doing fulfilling your annual goals.

SPENCER

Every week?

ROBERT

Yeah. And you can enter your notes in that section there. You didn't hear this from me, but I always do mine the day before it's due at the end of the year. Seriously, same shit, different day, right?

Joel stops by the cube after emerging from the bathroom.

JOEL

You guys going to Winston's retirement party at 3 p.m.?

ROBERT

Fuck no. I thought he was gone already.

JOEL

Come on, man. It's free cake.

ROBERT

Is there gonna be ice cream there?

JOEL

The e-mail didn't say that there wouldn't be ice cream there.

SPENCER

Hey, you guys have homemade ice cream makers?

ROBERT

Yeah. Got one for my wedding a few years ago.

SPENCER

You ever use it?

ROBERT

No. Maybe twice.

JOEL

You wanna buy ours? Twenty bucks. Never been used. Still in the box.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

In a conference room decorated for a retirement party a slide show plays on the TV.

It starts with WINSTON, a full of life guy in his 30's in the 1980s in his cube.

The people surrounding Winston change, but he is always in the same spot so he seems to morph from his thirties to his sixties while being stuck in the same cube.

The lights come on and everyone gives Winston a round of applause led by Kendrick.

Everyone is clapping, except for Spencer, who is completely dispirited by seeing Winston's life pass him by while being stuck in his cube.

KENDRICK

Brings back some memories. Place won't be the same without you, Winston. Thank you once again for all your hard work and dedication over these many, many years.

WINSTON

Thank you.

MANAGER

If anyone else would like to say something.

An awkward lull. A nervous cough. Joel finally steps up.

JOEL

We'll miss you, Winston!

CROWD

Yeah!

Another round of applause.

WINSTON

You guys are the best. Thanks.

Spencer raises his hand.

SPENCER

I'd like to say something.

Kendrick is a little confused, but goes with it.

KENDRICK

New guy! Okay, go ahead.

SPENCER

Um, I quit.

Nervous laughs go through the crowd. Kendrick's not happy, but will let it go.

KENDRICK

Good one, new guy.

SPENCER

No, I mean it. I fucking quit.

ROBERT

Dude, not funny. Seriously.

SPENCER

There's a whole other world out there.

(MORE)

SPENCER (CONT'D)

And it doesn't have log ins and passwords and swipe ID cards and drop down menus for your same shit, different day weekly self assessment bullshit. Sorry, Robert.

ROBERT

I don't know what he's talking about.

SPENCER

I'm sorry, but I'm outta here.

Spencer lifts off the ID swipe card hanging around his neck and tosses it to Kendrick.

Winston takes a bite of his retirement cake.

WINSTON

I'm gonna miss that guy. Who the hell was he?

INT. SPENCER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer has his cell phone on speaker as he drives.

MONICA (PHONE VOICE MAIL)

Hi, this is Monica. I can't take your call right now, but please leave a message and I'll call you back.

The voice mail beeps and Spencer takes a deep breath before beginning his message.

SPENCER

Monica, if you're driving and you get this message please pull over before you listen to the rest of it. Okay, ready? I quit my job.

Spencer smiles to himself, confident in his decision.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

But listen, things are going to be okay, I promise. I'm taking care of all that right now. Oh, one more thing. Yeah, I'm not doing the wedding. I'm not spending our savings on just one day and I'm not having my fixed income relatives buying me a crepe pan or fondue pot.

Spencer pulls into the IDS building parking lot.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong, I still want to marry you. Tonight, in fact. I'm gonna have an airplane ticket on hold for you for the 9 o'clock flight to Vegas. So meet me at the gate if you still want to do this. I understand if you don't show, but I really hope you do. I love you, baby. You're the best thing that ever happened to me.

Spencer jumps out of his car.

INT. IDS OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer bursts through the front door of IDS.

SPENCER

I'm back, bitches!

The offices are now empty, except for a few WORKERS painting over the walls.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

What happened? What's going on?

HEAD PAINTER

We're painting. What's it look like? New tenants are moving in next week.

One of the painters takes off his cap and it is Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

Hey, Spencer. Vincent gave me a job! I always wanted to take up painting. I consider it a giant monotone abstract. Almost Christo-esque.

SPENCER

Where's Tom? Everyone else?

SEBASTIAN

After you left, things just kinda fell apart. Then Vincent got new tenants for the building and that was that. Got my first paying job though.

SPENCER

Congratulations. Do you know where I can find, Tom?

SEBASTIAN

Sure. He got a new job too!

INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - LATER THAT DAY

Tom, wearing a fast food uniform, sits down with Spencer at a booth.

TOM

Gotta make it quick, buddy. I only get a fifteen minute break.

SPENCER

I just wanted to say you were right. About everything. Life's too short. We have to take our chances while we can.

TOM

Nah, you were the one that was right. We had to wake up and join the real world again. What kinda president, was I? I sleep on my Mom's sofa, for crying out loud. Not for long though. With the few bucks I'm making here, should be able to afford rent at the end of the month.

SPENCER

Tom, I quit my job to come back to IDS!

TOM

You quit your job? Are you crazy? There is no IDS anymore. Everyone's gone their separate ways.

SPENCER

It doesn't matter. Here's the plan. We go back to the box factory, those workers love us. They trust us. We organize them, get some of our own funding, I've got a few bucks saved, your Uncle might help and we help them buy the factory. Employee owned with us set up as management.

TOM

Come on, man.

SPENCER

No, I mean it. We can do this.  
I want you to work for me.

TOM

Me work for you?

SPENCER

Yes. You have some of the best  
people skills I've ever seen.  
You have a gift to get others to  
follow you, to get them to really  
believe in something. Now I need  
you to believe in yourself.

TOM

Seriously, is there any way you  
can get your job back? Say you  
had a mental break down and go  
on stress leave for a month.  
I've done that. It's awesome.

SPENCER

I'm not going back, Tom.  
Only forward.

SKYLER, a full of himself 19 year-old manager passes by  
Tom's table and drops off a plunger.

MANAGER

Breaks over, Turpentine. Women's  
toilet is clogged up again.

TOM

Hey, Skyler.

Skyler turns around annoyed.

TOM (CONT'D)

The name's Turpin.

Tom picks up the plunger and tosses it back at Skyler.  
The plunger sticks on the floor like a lawn dart.

TOM (CONT'D)

Tom Turpin.

SKYLER

I don't care what your name is,  
asshole! Just fix the damn toilet!

TOM

No. You're not the boss of me.  
He is.

Tom shakes Spencer's hands.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm in.

SPENCER

Great, let's get the hell out of here and get to work.

Spencer and Tom stand up to leave.

SKYLER

Hey, you punk ass bitch, that uniform is company property. You leave here with it, I'm calling the cops.

TOM

Fine, take it.

Tom takes off his shirt and pants and tosses them in Skyler's face.

SPENCER

Don't forget your hat.

TOM

Right.

Tom, in his underwear now, flings the hat over to Skyler as he and Spencer march out proudly.

EXT. AIRPORT - DEPARTURE DROP OFF - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tom, now fully dressed, is dropping Spencer off at the airport.

TOM

You think she'll show?

SPENCER

No. But I hope she does.

TOM

If she doesn't, let me know.  
I'll be on the next flight out.  
I love Vegas.

SPENCER

I bet you do. Thanks, friend.

TOM

No, thank you.

Tom pulls away and Spencer ventures into the airport.



INT. AIRPORT - GATE 20 - LATER THAT NIGHT

Spencer waits at the gate keeping a lookout for Monica. His cellphone rings. It's Monica.

SPENCER

Hi.

MONICA (ON PHONE)

I'm not getting married in Vegas.

SPENCER

I didn't think you would.

MONICA (ON PHONE)

I'm sorry, but I just can't.

SPENCER

You don't have to explain.  
It's okay. So is this it?

MONICA (ON PHONE)

Maybe. Why?

SPENCER

Well, if it is, can you turn on  
FaceTime? I'd like to see you once  
more before I go.

MONICA (ON PHONE)

Fine. See me now?

SPENCER

No.

MONICA (ON PHONE)

I'm pressing the button.

SPENCER

I don't see you.

MONICA (ON PHONE)

I see you. Clear as day.

SPENCER

Yeah, nothing here.

MONICA (ON PHONE)

How about now?

A picture comes up on Spencer's phone.

SPENCER

Okay, it's coming up. Wait --

The FaceTime video on the iPhone is of Spencer waiting.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

It's me. How?

Spencer turns around and sees Monica pointing her iPhone camera at him. She hangs up.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

I thought you said you weren't coming?

MONICA

No, I said I wasn't getting married. Didn't say I wouldn't go. You owe me a Vegas trip.

SPENCER

Look, I can't pitch in for the wedding. I have to use my savings for something else. An investment.

MONICA

Fine, I'll pay for the wedding.

SPENCER

You can't afford the wedding and a honeymoon by yourself.

MONICA

We'll do a honeymoon staycation. Tom told me about your idea with the factory. I think you should go for it. I'll stand by you.

SPENCER

You do realize I'm a different Spencer Pillar than I was before.

MONICA

I know. But I think I like this guy better.

GATE AGENT (ON INTERCOM)

This is the final boarding call for Flight 91 to Las Vegas.

MONICA

We better get on board.

SPENCER

You're the boss.

They exchange smiles and board the plane hand in hand.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The plane lifts off into the night sky past the full moon.

INT. FACEBOOK UPDATES ON A COMPUTER SCREEN - MONTHS LATER

Spencer's Facebook news feed is updated with:

Pictures of Spencer and Monica's gorgeous wedding at the Villa de Amore Vineyard.

Pictures of Spencer and Tom helping the Patterson Box Company Factory workers raise an "EMPLOYEE OWNED" banner on the outside of the box factory.

Video of the Patterson Box Company kickball team beating the Legal Eagles for the local Corporate Kickball League Championship Trophy.

Video of the Legal Eagles washing cars and delivery vans at the Patterson Box factory as Spencer, Tom, Altair, Ethan, Drake and Sebastian toast beers.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END